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No. 2

A Miscellany of the Wits

Being Select Pieces by William King, D.C.L., John Arbuthnot, M.D., and other hands.

Edited by R. A. Colvile, M.A.

The Scholar's Library.

Edited by K. N. COLVILE, M.A.

(Sometime Scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, and Professor of English Literature at Elphinstone College, Bombay).

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SELECT PIECES BY

WILLIAM KING, D.C.L.,

JOHN ARBUTHNOT, M.D.,

AND OTHER HANDS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

K. N. COLVILE.

MCM

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THE INTRODUCTION.

§ 1.

The literature of the Queen Anne wits was of a type scarcely ever before or since elevated to the highest rank.

The prose pamphlet of the Elizabethan era had abandoned itself to an exuberant scurrility; the political treatises of Milton had been very serious and, as it were, breathless with indignation. Since Swift's day journalism, which was only a part-time employer of his genius, has grown to its full stature and monopolized the output in this kind of his successors. And it has modified the squib and pamphlet to suit its own requirements, since a journal has to consider its policy as a whole, its future as well as its present, and the space available in its columns.

Moreover it is no longer the coffee houses

of London and a small circle, whereof every member knew the personal peculiarities of everybody who was anybody, that has to be catered for. The writings of Swift and Pope, like those of Congreve, had the qualities of Meredithian Comedy. They depended for their appreciation on an audience intimate with the conditions of the life set forth upon the stage, and yet sufficiently cultured to be masters of their passions and able to view the play with detachment and with admiration for the technique even when their own withers were wrung. To-day these qualifications are not to be found in the readers of our public press. They reside often at a distance from the scenes of public life; they do not intimately know the actors; they are drawn from classes of different manners, less delicate perception, and more violent passions. The cinema has largely supplanted the Comedy of Manners; and the highly coloured, staccato method of the modern newspaper man has displaced the more leisurely irony and banter of the Queen Anne pamphleteer. To-day the literature of that old type is represented in microcosms, in small societies where intimacy and a common standard of manners reproduce the conditions in which it flourished; most notably perhaps in universities, where undergraduate periodicals still deal in the same coinage of skits and burlesques, a coinage only

current at a heavy discount outside the circle of its origin.[1]

It is idle to deplore the decay of the Literature of Wit. But it is worth while turning back now and then and noting the qualities which it possessed, for though we, who are outside the circle, cannot wholly appreciate or understand it, it was yet a true form of art and has in it a universal and eternal element.

§ 2.

The best of the literature of the Queen Anne wits was not only the product of the intimate society of the age; it was the work of a *coterie*, and though for the greatest imaginative art a *coterie* may be a dangerous forcing bed, yet for the peculiar plant under examination it is undoubtedly the most congenial soil. It assures the maker of *jeux-d'esprit* of an audience, fit though few, whose attention may be won without over-emphasis and with no fear of the need for subsequent explanations; and without such an audience few of these toys, the most ephemeral and most lasting alike, would ever have been given shape.

[1] The author of *Erewhon*, always sharpening his wits on those of the small circle of his intimates, is a writer who has many things in common with Swift and Arbuthnot.

The pieces here printed represent the output of two such *coteries:* that of the Christ Church wits who made mock of the great Bentley (themselves only a cohort among the champions of the classics in the great Battle of the Books), and that more famous and more talented one which produced the Scriblerus literature. Under both heads one man of genius stands out—Jonathan Swift. But Swift is too great a man to be relegated to a miscellany (though he contributed to plenty such in his own day) and nothing known to be his in actual execution is here included.

§ 3.

There is no episode in literary history so very much an affair of the Universities as the famous Phalaris controversy. Indeed, a modern wit might be tempted to speak of this as an early inter-university contest, were it not that the champion of Cambridge was not only very little supported but even attacked by his own *alma mater*.

The two protagonists were Charles Boyle, a brother of Lord Orrery, of Christ Church, Oxford, and Richard Bentley, Librarian to the King, of Trinity, Cambridge. Charles Boyle, by way of airing his youthful and aristocratic scholarship, was encouraged by

his college to put forth, with his tutor's assistance, an edition of the Epistles of Phalaris, which epistles had lately been extravagantly praised by the statesman-scholar Sir William Temple (a Cambridge man) in his famous "Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning." One of the manuscripts Boyle required to collate was in the King's Library, and for the loan of this application was made by one Bennett, a bookseller. This was in 1693, and Bentley on assuming the Librarianship in the following spring apparently found the application still unanswered. He immediately granted it but asked to have the manuscript back within a few days as he was leaving London. It was not returned in time, and Bentley himself went to Bennett's shop to fetch it. His tone towards Bennett on this occasion was probably brusque, and one William King, of Christ Church, who was present vowed that Bentley also spoke discourteously of Boyle.[1]

To this alleged discourtesy Boyle made reference in the dedication of his edition. Bentley, who denied the form of words put

[1] If the bearish Doctor Bentley behaved thus in 1694, what would he have done a hundred years earlier, when scholars and librarians were so jealous of their treasures that the pious and renowned Isaac Casaubon could hardly get access to his father-in-law's collection, or permission from his own chief, Gosselin, to use the M.SS. of the Royal Library in Paris in which he was himself an assistant?

into his mouth by King and was never subsequently applied to for the further loan of the manuscript, demanded an apology, which was not granted. Bentley thereupon proceeded to do his best to damn Boyle's book, which he did by demonstrating the worthlessness of the epistles as an historical or a linguistic document, and the impossibility of Phalaris being the author. He also explained the personal issue between him and Bennett. This dissertation was originally appended to the second edition[1] of Wotton's "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning," a contribution to that other controversy, with which the Phalaris one was now linked, wherein Temple had been concerned.

The Phalaris portion of this was subsequently rewritten, enlarged and separately published (in which form it is known as "Bentley against Boyle") in 1699, as a rejoinder to "Boyle against Bentley," or "Dr. Bentley's Dissertation of the Epistles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æsop, examined by the Honourable Charles Boyle, Esq." (1697). In this Atterbury and other Christ Church wits combined to put down the bearish Cantab. And very cleverly, and for the time successfully, they did it. With the authenticity of

[1] A dissertation had been promised for the first edition, before the publication of Boyle's book.

the Epistles and the purity of their Attic they were concerned little or not at all; nor, for the matter of that, had Charles Boyle been. With the form of Bentley's dissertation, his style, his whole attitude towards literature, and with his personal manners, they made great play and in the opinion of their chosen audience—not the scholars of posterity, but the contemporary readers of general literature —they won handsomely. They were wits, playing a game of wit. Bentley was a scholar of amazing learning and skill, and Boyle and his preceptors were little better than sixth-form boys beside him. But Bentley's Milton shows that there were limits to his range as a critic of literature. His notes on *Paradise Lost* often suggest parodies of his own classical annotations written by one of his witty opponents and illustrate the danger of his brilliant use of circumstantial evidence.

Of such opponents he had plenty besides the original collaborators, none, of course, greater than Swift, in whose *Battle of the Books* Bentley figures as a goose; and Pope, almost a generation later, mentions him in *The Dunciad* as one of those who paid homage to dulness.

In the present volume the controversialists are represented by Dr. William King, who, besides his direct intervention in the quarrel with his *Letters to Mr. Boyle*, wrote ten

Dialogues of the Dead, satirizing Bentley under the name of Bentivoglio, and for the most part directed against the great scholar's pedantry, though the larger question of Ancient v. Modern Learning is touched on.

In No. VIII., *The Imposture*, Democritus is made to declare that "Whilst life, spirit and a great genius shine throughout the Epistles; and whilst wit, judgment, and learning go along with the Examiner; men will read them."

The last sentence gives us the true principle by which to arbitrate in the dispute. The merits of the Epistles, as of any work of literary art, are independent of their authorship. Temple and Boyle asserted that these merits were great; Bentley, denying them, appeared to be seeking to prove his case by

[1] Lord Lyttelton, in the preface to his "*Dialogues of the Dead*," published in 1760, wrote:

"Lucian among the Ancients, and among the Moderns, Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, and Monsieur Fontenelle have written *Dialogues of the Dead* with applause. But in our Language nothing of that kind has been published."

He thus ignores King and also Mat. Prior, but the latter's four *Dialogues*, though apparently circulated in M.S., were only recently printed. King, though only a year older than his schoolfellow Prior, has almost certainly the priority as a user of this form over him, and also over Fenelon, whose first four *Dialogues* appeared in 1700. But Fontenelle's admirable *Nouveaux Dialogues des Morts* appeared in 1683.

King's earliest essay in this form is a dialogue "Shewing the Way to Modern Preferment" between the shades of Cardinal Porto-Carero's tooth-drawer, the Pope's corn-cutter and others, written probably in 1691.

Yet another contemporary of King's, Tom Brown, also of Christ Church, wrote *Dialogues of the Dead*, but I cannot find that any of these were published before 1700.

disproving the authenticity of the Epistles, which was not, so far as Boyle was concerned, the true issue. The wits were undoubtedly right in ridiculing this method of attack. Modern scholarship and modern literary criticism have agreed in finding Bentley's scholarship sound and Temple's criticism poor, for the Epistles do not deserve his high praise. But their true findings are not necessarily connected. The literary qualities of the Epistles of Phalaris might have been all that Temple claimed and yet the Epistles as unauthentic as Bentley proved. Boyle, in particular, never based their claim to fame on Phalaris's authorship; indeed he expressly doubted it.[1]

§ 4.

The other piece by Dr. King here given needs no elucidation beyond what the text furnishes.

One Samuel Sorbière published in 1664 a narrative of a journey to England, of which Voltaire afterwards wrote :—

" I would not imitate the late M. Sorbière,

[1] This famous controversy is best known (and mis-known) to-day from Macaulay's Essay on Sir William Temple. Macaulay composed this essay in India, and it is interesting to observe that among the numerous books mentioned as having been read at that time (Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, Appendix), the documents in the controversy appear, but not the original epistles. Yet Macaulay was devouring Latin and Greek works at an incredible pace.

who having stayed three months in England, without knowing anything either of its manners or its language, thought fit to print a relation which proved but a dull scurrilous satire upon a nation he knew nothing of."

This piece provided the imaginary author, and *A Journey to Paris*, by one Dr. Martin Lister (of St. John's, Cambridge), the occasion, of King's burlesque *Journey to London;* but the satire owes its success to the fact that its true butt was the whole breed of such journals, which narrate little else but trivialities and then are in error. Yet these very trivialities, which to King seemed so ridiculously unworthy of notice, give the piece a great interest, apart altogether from its burlesque quality, for the modern reader.

The British Museum catalogue ascribes to King *A Journey to England, with some account of the manners and customs of that Nation* (1700). This is not printed by Nichols in his Collected Edition of King's Works (1776), and though in certain respects plainly imitated from *A Journey to London*, altogether lacks King's burlesque touch.

§ 5.

Of King himself little need be said. He was typical of the minor wits of the period—facile, but responding only to external

stimulus and incapable of sustained creative effort.

He was born in 1663, and was educated at Westminster, under Busby, and at Christ Church. He studied Civil Law and took his Doctor's degree in that faculty. He needs to be distinguished from two namesakes: one, the Archbishop of Dublin, a friend like himself of Swift, and 13 years older; the other, the author of *The Toast* and Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, who was 22 years younger.

King wrote many pamphlets, skits and other occasional pieces, few of which bear rereading in an age that knows not the persons or books which occasioned them. *A Journey to London* was published in 1698, *The Dialogues of the Dead* in 1699. King had in 1692, just after taking his Doctor's degree, been admitted an Advocate of Doctor's Commons; but serious application to a profession was beyond him, and in 1702 (according to the computation of his editor, Nichols) he went to Ireland as a Judge of the High Court of Admiralty. Here he came out as a verse writer, his most esteemed piece being a poem, called *Molly of Mountown*, on the cow whose milk he enjoyed. In 1708 he was back in London and published a collection of burlesques called *Useful Transactions in Philosophy and other Sorts of Learning*,

the last of which, *A Voyage to the Island of Cajamai in America, giving a brief account of the Natural Rarities, Inhabitants and Diseases of the Country, etc.*, is probably a lean forbear of *Gulliver's Travels*. And this collection and the earlier dialogues, *The Transactioneer*, are akin to some of Arbuthnot's lucubrations to be mentioned presently.

In 1709 he published *The Art of Cookery*, a burlesque of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, the most amusing of his verse pieces. In 1710 he was editing the Tory weekly *The Examiner*, and a little later was pamphleteering on behalf of Dr. Sacheverell. In 1711 he wrote a prose, and also a verse, satire on the Duke of Marlborough under the name of *Rufinus*. But he seems to have made little by his writings and was in great distress at this time. Swift writes of him in commiserating terms, calling him a "poor starving wit," and with that practical benevolence towards the individual which is behind all his expressed malevolence towards the race, got him the post of Gazetteer (which Steele had lately held) and a salary of £200 a year.

But even this was a more exacting employment than King cared about, and he resigned it after six months' tenure. The remaining six months of his life he spent in literary conviviality, living in the house of a friend at Lambeth, but paying frequent visits to his

cousin, the Earl of Clarendon, at Somerset House. He died on Christmas Day, 1712, and is buried in the North Cloister of Westminster Abbey.

He was the type of all the Wits, save the very greatest. "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel"—his extraordinarily wide reading and his acute understanding were of little profit, lacking industry and purpose. The following verses were found in his pocket-book after his death:—

"I sing the various chances of the world,
Through which men are by fate or fortune hurl'd;
'Tis by no scheme or method that I go,
But paint in verse my notions as they flow:

With heat the wanton images pursue;
Fond of the old, yet still creating new.
Fancy myself in some secure retreat,
Resolve to be content and so be great!"

§ 6.

But King did not live long enough to form one, as he would probably have done, of the most important of all the associations of Wits. This was *The Brotherhood*, in which were included the leading statesmen and writers of the Tory party, but which transcended any merely political ties. Most statesmen of the day, it must be remembered, Whig and Tory alike, were amateurs of letters, and most writers active politicians and frequently holders of office.

To this society there are numerous allusions in Swift's famous *Journal to Stella:*

"It seems, in my absence, they had erected a Club, and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday. We are yet but twelve: Lord Keeper and Lord Treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. Secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded: but we design to admit the Duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our Club is, to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we have begun, no other Club in this town will be worth talking of." (Letter XXV., June, 1711).

In March, 1712 the "brothers" were "in all nine lords and ten commoners" (XLIII.), and twenty-one had been fixed as the limit of their numbers. Later in the same letter he writes:—

"You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our Society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do. . . . The company parted early, but Freind, and Prior, and I, sat awhile longer and reformed the State, and found fault with the Ministry. Prior hates his Commission of the Customs, because it spoils his wit."

A few days later (March, 22) he writes:—

"Society day. You know that, I suppose. Arbuthnott was President. His dinner was dressed in the Queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We ate it at Ozinda's Chocolate-house, just by St. James's. We were never merrier, nor better company, and did not part till after eleven."

In the following year the meetings were held only once a fortnight; perhaps the expense, of which Swift several times complains, led him at last to advocate this change, especially since the cost of the dinners, which had hitherto gone with the Presidency in rotation, was now to be defrayed by "a reckoning of so much a head."

From this, which was a dining club, was descended the smaller and more particularly literary *Scriblerus Club*, of which Mr. Aitken discovers the first mention in 1714. Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Prior, Gay, Parnell and Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls, were the more active members, and Oxford, Atterbury and Congreve also belonged. Addison, though a Whig, was apparently on good terms with the club, and according to Spence was minded to join in at least one of its designs.

As is the way in such cases the projects were more numerous than the achievements. The design, the happy inspiration were everything: the elaboration only in rare cases much cared for. Swift, writing to Stella, gives a full account of one typical piece of *blaguerie*:—

1711, September 19. "Arbuthnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book called *A History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth*,

showing they made the best wives, with a list of all the maids of honour since, etc.; to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known; and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, it will be a very good Court jest; and the Queen will certainly have it: we did not tell Mrs. Hill."

Sept. 21. "The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teasing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell Lord Keeper and Lord Treasurer tomorrow; and I believe the Queen will have it."

Sept. 23. "I was to see Lord Keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour; and Lord Treasurer had it last night. The rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me."

Oct. 5. "Mrs. Forester taxed me yesterday about the *History of the Maids of Honour;* but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine; for I found they did not relish it altogether well."

This is not, indeed, specifically a *Scriblerus* project, but it illustrates well the mood of the men who belonged to that club and the difficulty of saying for certain who was the executant of any of its schemes. Swift and Arbuthnot might both be held responsible for this one, and in no case can we say for certain what was the precise extent of any individual's contribution. A. may, over the nuts and wine, have thrown out the idea; B. have given it form; C. have suggested a few embroideries; D. have "written it out fair." Moreover, in a club which included Pope, a

problem of authorship is more than ordinarily complicated by reason of the elaborate *finesse* in which that poet always indulged when concealment was aimed at.

Two of the undoubted productions of these associates are : *The Memoirs of Scriblerus* and *The History of John Bull*. Both were written, it is generally agreed, by Arbuthnot, but as the result of an interchange of wit with his fellow club-members, and entire passages may very well have been contributed by them. Pope, in particular, must be presumed to have had several fingers in the Scriblerus Memoirs and the kindred pieces, for they are closely bound up with his *Dunciad*, along with which they were first published.

The aim of the Scriblerus Club was to expose and contend against pedantry and ignorance. Ignoramuses of all kinds, particularly those who masqueraded as men of learning, were to be tilted at, and Warburton asserts that a joint satire " in the manner of Cervantes " was projected; but in the event the scheme was carried out mostly under Pope's auspices, so that particular venom was reserved for bad poets and critics, or those whom Pope chose to stigmatize as such, which was not always the same thing. Bentley, for example, the very antithesis of a Dunce, was trounced in the *Dunciad;* partly, perhaps, because he was an old opponent of Swift and

of others of Pope's circle in the old Phalaris controversy; but more, it may be suspected, because he had spoken lightly of Pope's Homer.

The editions of *The Dunciad* are many, and their history most involved. Suffice it here to say that not only is the poem itself the most elaborate product of the Scriblerus idea, but it was accompanied by a mass of prolegomena, notes and appendices, all purporting to be the work of the eponymous hero of the club, Martinus Scriblerus; and the *Memoirs* were appended to the 1741 edition of *The Dunciad*, that in which the Fourth Book first appears and in which Cibber replaces Theobald as the hero. To the earlier *Variorum* edition of 1729 Arbuthnot had already contributed the anti-Bentleian *Virgilius Restauratus*, and he had probably collaborated in other portions of the commentary.

The History of John Bull is the product of the Brothers, and first appeared in five parts under the titles of :

(1) *Law is a Bottomless Pit* (1712, March).

(2) *John Bull in His Senses* (1712, March).

(3) *John Bull Still in his Senses: Being the Third Part of Law is a Bottomless Pit* (1712, March).

(4) An Appendix to *John Bull Still in his Senses: or Law is a Bottomless Pit* (1712, May).

(5) *Lewis Baboon turned Honest, and John Bull Politician. Being the Fourth Part of Law is a Bottomless Pit* (1712, July).

In this last part a continuation was hinted at, but never produced, though several spurious additions are extant. The notorious Curll published, in the same year, two anonymous *Keys to Law is a Bottomless Pit*, and several imitations, on the Whig side, were also produced.

In 1727 the whole of the above five parts (or four parts with an appendix to the third) was republished, slightly re-arranged, in the second volume of "*Miscellanies* . . printed for Benjamin Motte," the preface to which (in the first volume) is signed by Swift and Pope; but it is expressly stated that pieces wholly or in part by Arbuthnot and Gay are included. Swift in his *Journal* refers to John Bull frequently, and several times denies the popular ascription of the piece to himself and expressly assigns it to "A Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine." "It is too good," he says in another passage, "for another to own." Had it been mere hack work, he asserts, he would not have troubled to disown it. And again, "The pamphlet "*Political Lying*," he writes in 1712, "is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of

John Bull; it is very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood."

Furthermore, Pope, according to Spence, declared that "Dr. Arbuthnot was the sole writer," and as internal evidence agrees therewith, the ascription may be taken as tolerably certain.

§ 7.

The essential facts concerning Arbuthnot may be briefly stated :—

He was of gentle descent, a Scot, by profession a doctor of medicine, and a man of considerable learning; a Tory in politics, and a resident, from the days of his early manhood to his death in 1735, in London. Mr. Aitken has established the following details of his career :

John Arbuthnot was born in 1667, the eldest son of Alexander Arbuthnot, parson of Arbuthnot in Kincardineshire. The exact relations of the parson to his patron, Viscount Arbuthnott, is not known. The spelling of the name of the earlier members of the family and of John himself as recorded in the parish register is *Arbuthnott*, and he himself always signed it thus, but he always had it printed *Arbuthnot*, and it is generally written thus by others. As Mr. Aitken points out, his friends, Swift, Pope and Gay, in their verses stressed it both as Arbúthnot and Arbuthnott;

and Swift, when he first mentions it to Stella, is said to spell it *Arbuthnet*, and adds, "that hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor. Stella cannot pronounce it." He constantly writes it "Arthbuthnott." In the books of Marischal College, Aberdeen, where Arbuthnot took an Arts course, terminating in his Master's Degree, 1681-5, the name is spelt with like variations.[1]

Alexander Arbuthnott was expelled from his living in 1689 for non-conformity, and his second son fought at Killiecrankie. John's Tory politics are therefore not surprising.

Alexander died 18 months after his expulsion, and John is next heard of in London, earning his living as a teacher of mathematics. He is credited with the authorship of a book entitled *The Laws of Chance*, published in 1692, a production wherein are displayed three of Arbuthnot's qualities: his literary bent, his mathematical knowledge, and his taste for card-playing.

In 1694 he went as tutor to one Edward Jeffreys, son of a member of Parliament and Alderman of the City, to University College, Oxford. There he seems to have remained for two academic years, and he then proceeded to the degree of doctor of medicine at St. Andrew's, presenting a thesis on Animal

[1] *Fasti Academiæ Mariscallanæ Aberdonensis*. Pub. by the New Spalding Club, 1898.

Secretions. It is not certain where Arbuthnot learned his medicine. His published letters make no mention of any medical studies. Probably they were completed before he came south. Marischal College had no Faculty of Medicine till 1701, but one William Moir is described in the college records as " Professor of Medicine " in 1688.

Arbuthnot did not remain long in Scotland, but at once returned to London, by way of Oxford, and there is no evidence that he ever again visited his native land. Henceforth he lived in London, practising as a doctor, in which capacity he attained the highest distinctions, becoming a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1704, Physician Extraordinary to Queen Anne in 1705 and Physician in Ordinary in 1710, and in the same year Fellow of the College of Physicians. He retained, too, his interest in mathematics and was associated with Isaac Newton, Christopher Wren and others in an astronomical project of the Royal Society in 1705. He was also a member of a committee appointed by that society to decide a dispute concerning priority of invention of the Method of Fluxions between Newton and Leibnitz. His scientific knowledge was evidently considerable, and his " Brothers " almost certainly availed themselves of it in their writings.

As a person having constant access to the Queen, Arbuthnot was a person of considerable political importance, and he was a staunch Tory. One of his brothers, a banker in Paris, was connected with the Jacobites, but he himself was never accused of active disaffection. Nevertheless he not unnaturally lost his court appointment on the death of Queen Anne, and moved from his official rooms in St. James's Palace, eventually settling in Dover Street. "Martin's Office," he writes to Pope, "is now the second door on the left in Dover Street." Here he rode out the storm which drove his friend St. John to France and his friend Harley to the Tower. We find him jesting on the South Sea Bubble, and he appears not to have suffered in that storm either. He held various offices in the College of Physicians, and was reported, in 1730, to have been appointed physician to a second queen, Queen Caroline, but he denied the story in a letter to Swift. In 1729 he was residing in Cork Street, and there, with occasional visits to Hampstead to take the waters, he lived till his death.

Meanwhile he had never ceased to be an active and popular figure in society and in literary circles. Mr. Aitken prints eleven separate pieces (reckoning *John Bull* as a single work) excluding such things as his

contributions to *The Dunciad*, and his more technical treatises, of which he admits nine to his bibliography. He also collaborated with Pope and Gay in an unsuccessful comedy, *Three Hours after Marriage* (1717).

But Arbuthnot was never a professional man of letters, even in the sense in which Swift was, and his writings are essentially a part of his social life. He continued to his dying day to be a man of many and deep friendships. The Brothers and the Scriblerus Club have been already mentioned, and with many of the members of those societies, as well as with others, he maintained life-long friendship. The political ruin of the Tory party, when fortune so "bantered" Bolingbroke, broke up that pleasant and brilliant company of wits. Bolingbroke went to France, Oxford to the Tower and Swift to Ireland. But Arbuthnot maintains relations by letter with the chief among his "Brothers," particularly with Swift; and Pope, now assuming the foremost position among English men of letters, was an active upholder of the Scriblerus tradition. In 1726 Swift came over to London for four months with *Gulliver's Travels* in his pocket. Arbuthnot, writing to him in the previous autumn, had hailed with delight the prospect of "some of your old club met together, like mariners after a storm," and spoke

enthusiastically of his friend's book, with the matter of which he was evidently familiar. Indeed there is no reason to doubt Pope's assertion (recorded by Spence) that Gulliver was originally conceived as one of the Scriblerus projects, and we may perhaps give Scriblerus the credit for *The Beggar's Opera*, for which Swift, who conceived the idea of "a Newgate Pastoral," wrote some lyrics long before Gay finally produced it (1728).

Other intimates of Arbuthnot among persons of note were Matthew Prior, Gay, Congreve, Rowe, Parnell, Berkeley, Bathurst, Pulteney, Chesterfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and the Countess of Suffolk; and his friendship could even cross the political no man's land and embrace the greatest of his literary opponents, Addison. He was married and had several children, but hardly anything is known about his wife. We picture Arbuthnot as a clubman (of impeccable virtue) rather than as a family man.

After several severe illnesses during the preceding ten years, and six months' expectation of death, he died in 1735, at his house in Cork Street, and was buried in St. James's Piccadilly. No one ever spoke ill of him (unless Swift's famous remark, that he could do everything except walk, be ill). Perhaps

the best testimonial to his qualities is to be found in Lord Chesterfield's "Character" (first published in Lord Mahon's edition of Chesterfield's works):

"Dr. Arbuthnot was both my physician and my friend, and in both these capacities I justly placed the utmost confidence in him.

Without any of the craft, he had all the skill of his profession which he exerted with the most care and pleasure upon those unfortunate patients who could not give him a fee.

To great and various erudition he joined an infinite fund of wit and humour, to which his friends Pope and Swift were more obliged than they have acknowledged themselves to be.

His imagination was almost inexhaustible, and whatever subject he treated, or was consulted upon, he immediately overflowed with all that it could possibly produce. It was at anybody's service, for as soon as he was exonerated he did not care what became of it; insomuch that his sons, when young, have frequently made kites of his scattered papers of hints which would have furnished good matter for folios. [1]

Not being in the least jealous of his fame as an author, he would neither take the time nor the trouble of separating the best from the worst; he worked out the whole mine, which afterwards, in the hands of skilful refiners, produced a rich vein of ore.

As his imagination was always at work, he was frequently absent and inattentive in company,

[1] They made better use of them later on. In the preface to *Tables of Ancient Coins* (1727) Arbuthnot writes, "I published about twenty years ago some Tables, which being out of print, it was suggested to me that if I would give the Copy, with some other calculations relating to the same subject, to my son, he might make some Profit of them." The son in question was Charles Arbuthnot, Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

which made him both say and do a thousand inoffensive absurdities; but which far from being provoking, as they commonly are, supplied new matter for conversation, and occasioned wit, both in himself and others.

His social character was not more amiable than his private character was pure and exemplary; charity, benevolence, and a love of mankind appeared unaffectedly in all he said or did. His letter to Pope against personal satire, published in the works of the latter, breathes, in a most distinguished manner, that amiable spirit of humanity.

His good understanding could not get the better of some prejudices of his education and country. For he was convinced that he had twice had the second sight, which in Scotch signifies a degree of nocturnal inspiration, but in English only a dream. He was also a Jacobite by prejudice, and a Republican by reflection and reasoning.

He indulged his palate to excess, I might have said to gluttony, which gave a gross plethoric habit of body, that was the cause of his death.

He lived and died a devout and sincere Christian. Pope and I were with him the evening before he died, when he suffered racking pains from an inflammation in his bowels, but his head was clear to the last. He took leave of us with tenderness, without weakness, and told us that he died not only with the comfort, but even the devout assurance of a Christian.

By all those who were not much acquainted with him he was considered infinitely below his level; he put no price upon himself, and consequently went at an undervalue; for the world is complaisant or dupe enough to give every man the price he sets upon himself, provided it be not insolently and overbearingly demanded. It turns upon the manner of asking."

NOTE.

King's pieces are here reprinted from his *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, undated but believed to have been published in 1705. The text of *John Bull* is that of the *Miscellanies* of 1727, as also is the text of the selected *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, the individual authorship of which can hardly be determined, but T.K. may be Thomas Keightly, D.A. is probably Dr. Dillon Ashe ("Dilly"), famous for his puns and frequently referred to in Swift's *Journal*. The *Epitaph on Don Francisco* (otherwise Col. Francis Chartres) is copied from *The London Magazine* for April, 1732. This is a better version than that given by Mr. Aitken, which seems to be a blend of the one here given with that printed by Pope (*Mor. Ess., Ep. III.*, note. 1736 ed.) The marginal, or foot-note, and the italicized references with which King mimics his dry-as-dust adversaries, have been omitted. A very few explanatory foot-notes have been added here and in *John Bull*, where they are distinguished from the author's notes by square brackets and the use of numerals instead of the conventional reference marks. To annotate *John Bull* adequately would be the labour of a lifetime.

A

JOURNEY

TO

LONDON,

In the Year, 1698.

After the Ingenious Method of that made by Dr. *Martin L* — to *Paris*, in the fame Year, *&c.*

Written Originally in *French*, by Monfieur *Sorbiere*, and Newly Tranſlated into *Engliſh.*

The Fourth Edition Corrected.

LONDON:

Printed for *B. Lintott* at the *Croſs-Keys in Fleetſtreet, and H. Clements* at the *Half-Moon* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard.

MONSIEUR SORBIERE TO THE READER.

I am resolved to make no apology for this short account of the magnificent and noble City of London, where you will meet with nothing offensive. And I think I have observed everything that is remarkable in it. It would have been unpardonable in me to have omitted any matters which the curious might be desirous to know, having an inimitable pattern from one of that country lately, who for the clearness of his expression, the elegancy of his descriptions, as well as ingenious choice of his subjects, deserves a particular salutation from all the admirers of the *Belles Lettres* in the universe.

I might here take an opportunity to beg pardon of the English for my misrepresentations thirty years ago, but it is to be hoped this book will make my peace with that nation. The following pages will show you the considerable heads I designed to treat of. And now I have paid my devoirs at the entrance, I will not importune you any longer.

A JOURNEY TO LONDON

In the Year 1698.

After the ingenious method of that made by Dr. Martin L—— to Paris, in the same year, etc.

This tract was written chiefly to satisfy my own curiosity; and being in a place where I had little to do, I thought fit to write a book for such people as had idle time enough upon their hands to read it. The English nation value themselves upon a plain honesty, joined with hospitality; these make them courteous to strangers, but they are not very easy with their curiosity. For they do not build and dress mostly for figure, as the French, who are certainly the most polite nation in the world, and can praise and court with a better grace than the rest of mankind.

I did not intend to put on the spectacles of *The Present State of England*, written by *Dr. Chamberlain*, nor any survey of the same, for trusting to my eyes, I had a mind to see without them.

But to content you, reader, I promise not to trouble you with ceremonies, either of

State, or Church, or politics; for though I met with an English gentleman, who proffered to show me the Princes of the Blood, the Prime Ministers of State, the Lord Mayor, and other officers belonging to a city of so immense a greatness as that of London, yet I refused the civility, and told him that I took more pleasure to see honest John Sharp of Hackney in his white frock crying 'Turnips ho! Four bunches a penny!' than Sir Charles Cotterel making room for an ambassador; and I found myself better disposed, and more apt to learn the physiognomy of a hundred weeds, than of five or six princes.

I arrived at London, after a tedious journey, in bad weather; for I fell sick upon the road, and lay dangerously ill of the toothache.

I believe I did not see the tithe of what deserves to be seen; because for many things I wanted a relish, particularly for painting and building, though I confess the grandeur of a city chiefly consists in buildings; and I verily believe London to be one of the most beautiful and magnificent in Europe.

Is is also most certain that the common people of London live dispersed in single houses, whereas in Paris there are from four to five, and to ten *menages* or distinct families in many houses, from whence I infer that

as to the commonalty Paris may be more populous than London, although perhaps their dwelling may not be so wholesome and cleanly.

I found the houses some of hewn stone entire, some of brick with freestone; as the Crown Tavern upon Ludgate Hill, and the Corner House of Birchin Lane, and several others.

Divers of the citizens' houses have *port-cochers* to drive in a coach, or a cart either, and consequently have courts within, and mostly *remises* to set them up, such persons as have no *port-cochers*, and consequently no courts or *remises*, set up their coaches at other places, and let their horses stand at livery.

The cellar windows of most houses are grated with strong bars of iron, to keep thieves out, and Newgate is grated up to the top to keep them in, which must be a vast expense!

As the houses are magnificent without, so they furnish them within accordingly. But I could not find that they had any bureaus of ivory.

Upon viewing the Braziers and Turners shops, I found it true what my countryman, Monsieur Justel, formerly told me, that according to his catalogue there were near three score utensils and conveniences of life more in England than in France. But then

the English, since the breach of their commerce with France, lie under great necessities of several commodities fitting for the ease and support of human life, as counterfeit pearl necklaces, fans, tooth-picks, and tooth-pick cases, and especially prunes, the calamity of which has been so great for ten years last past, that they have not had enough to lay round their plum-porridge at Christmas.

I must, to give a faithful account, descend even to the kennels; the gutters are deep, and lain with rough edges, which make the coaches not to glide easily over them, but occasion an employment for an industrious sort of people called "Kennel-Rakers."

The Squares in London are many and very beautiful, as St. James's, Soho, Bloomsbury, Red Lion, Devonshire (none of the largest) and Hogsdon[1] not yet finished. But that which makes the dwelling in this city very diverting is the facility of going out into the fields, as to Knightsbridge, where is an excellent spring garden, to Marylebone, where is a very good bowling green, Islington, as famous for cakes as Stepney is for buns.

But to descend to a more particular review of this great city. I think it not amiss to speak first of the streets.

There are coaches in the streets which are

[1] Hoxton.

very numerous, but the *fiacres* are not hung with double springs at the four corners, which springs would insensibly break all jolts. So that I found the case altered in England; and I that had rather ride in a *fiacre* at Paris than in the easiest chariot of a Lord Ambassador, to my great astonishment at London found that in a hackney coach there was not a jolt but what affected a man, from whence I drew these surprising conclusions.

First, that a hackney is a miserable *voiture;* and next, that a man may be more tired in an hour in that than in six hours riding in my Lord Ambassador's easiest chariot.

I saw a boy that had harnessed two dogs, which drew a small *voiture* with a burden in it, and I saw a little master in a little *vinegretté*, drawn along by two boys much bigger than himself and pushed behind by a maid. These I was willing to omit, as thinking them at first sight scandalous and a very jest, they being wretched businesses in so magnificent a city.

Finding that neither post-chaises nor *rouillions* were in use in London, I told them of them, how both horses pull, but one only is in the *thilles*, how the coachman mounts the *rouillion*, but for the chaise he only mounts the side horse, and that they might be introduced to good purpose. But I found the English curiosity so small, that I did not see any *rouillion* made during my six months' stay in London.

As for their Recreations and Walks, St. James's Park is frequented by People of Quality, who if they have a mind to have better and freer air drive to Hyde Park, where is a ring for the coaches to drive round, and hard by is Mrs. Price's, where are incomparable syllabubs; out of the other parts of the town they go to Hampstead and Cane Wood (an admirable place for nuts, as Mother Huff's for bottle-ale) scarce any side amiss. I had almost forgot that in St. James's Park are many seats, for the entertainment of all people, the lackeys and mob excepted; but of this more hereafter.

It is pretty to observe how the Magistrates indulge the inhabitants of this great City, by this small instance; for whereas in Paris the King has caused the citizens to take down their signs and not to exceed a small measure of square, in London they may be of what measure they please, even to a monstrous bigness, as my great curiosity observed in the sign of the Ship Tavern and the Castle Tavern in Fleet Street, which has almost obscured the sun; and Barbers hang out poles of a great huge length, almost as long as a mizzen mast.

There are a great many public Inns in London where lodgings are to be let, as the Bull Inn in Bishopsgate Street, the Saracen's Head in Friday Street, the White Horse in

Fleet Street, and others. But besides these there are divers other places so called; as Clifford's Inn, Clement's Inn, Lyon's Inn, etc., where several Gentlemen Practitioners of the Law reside. This seems as it were to denote that heretofore Attorneys might lodge in public inns as well as other strangers.

In the River of Thames, both above bridge and below, are vast numbers of Boats of wood, hay, charcoal, corn, wine, and other commodities. When a frost comes there are not so many. But when a thaw comes they are often in danger of being split and crushed to pieces. And upon my word, there have been great losses to the owners of such boats and goods upon these occasions. The reason why there are more boats below bridge than above is because there is a Custom House, which brings into the King of England a revenue able to defend the sovereignty of the seas against any enemy whatsoever; and the reason why there lie so many hundred large vessels of all sorts and of all nations is because they cannot get through Bridge Heigh! and there are a great many light boats loaden with brooms, gingerbread, tobacco, and a dram of the Bottle Ho! Above bridge is a vast boat with a house upon it and a garden in the garret; and further up the river, at Chelsea, is a land ship, very large built, on purpose never to go to sea.

There are Beggars in London, and people whose necessities force them to ask relief from such as they think able to afford it.

But there are no Monks who declare against marriage. And a certain learned person told me that he did not like starved Monks, but that he was for free marriage; and that the flesh-eaters will ever defend themselves, if not beat the Lenten Men.

Therefore he was entirely for propagation, that men might be like the stars in the firmament, or the shells and sand upon the seashore; and so notwithstanding any circumstances of life, age or fortune, should marry; and that it was as prudent in an old man of three score and ten as in a youth of one and twenty.

There is a great deal of Noise in this City, of public Cries of things to be sold, and great disturbance from Pamphlets and Hawkers. The Gazettes come out twice a week, and a great many buy them. When a thing is lost, they do not as in Paris put a printed paper on the wall, but if it be of small value the Bellman cries it, and if it be a thing of greater moment, as for example a lapdog, etc., then they put it in the Advertisements.

The Streets are lighted all the winter, but there is an impertinent usage of the people of London not to light them when the moon shines. They ridiculously defend themselves

by saying they can see by moonshine, and have no more reason to hold a candle to the moon than to the sun. There were three young gentlemen of good families in a frolick, went a-scouring, broke the lights, and were sent to the counter, and could not be released thence without diligent application of friends, and paying garnish to their fellow prisoners.

The avenues to the City and all the streets are paved with pebbles, flints, and rag-stones, and there is great care to keep them clean. In winter, for example, upon melting of the ice you shall see all the apprentices and porters up in arms with brooms and paring shovels, so that in a few hours' time all parts of the town are to admiration clean and neat again to walk on.

I could heartily wish I had been at London in summer, to have seen whether they have more dust at London than in Paris. I have notwithstanding, in my curious enquiries after dust, found that there are many dust-carts about the town, and there are several women that take delight, and as I have heard pay money, to ride in them. A fine lady about the town was taken thence, and upon her change of clean linen took upon herself the title of *Clinderaxa*.

There are several statues, both at Charing Cross, in the City, and at the Exchange; but my relish being not for art but nature, as I

have before declared, I think fit to meddle with them as little as I can.

I happened to go with a lady to Hyde Park Corner, where in an open area we saw several naked Statues, at which she out of a fond humour, or hot fit of devotion, took some offence. I told her:

"Cicero somewhere says that some of the ancient wise men thought there was nothing naturally obscene, but that everything might be called by its own name."

She told me I was making an apology for talking obscenely. I replied no, but added:

"Why should nudity be so offensive, since a very great part of the world yet defies clothes, and ever did so? And the parts they do most affect to cover are from a certain necessity only."

At which she blushed, and I, for the sake of further discourse begun a long story about Roman clothes, and told her a Roman was as soon undressed as I can put off my gloves and shoes. For he had nothing to do but to loose the girdle of the *tunica* and to draw up both his arms from under the *tunica*, and he was in bed immediately; whereas I had a hundred fatigues to undergo, as unbuttoning my collar, untying my knee-strings, and several other things that would make a man impatient to think of. I told her likewise it was after the first ages of the Commonwealth that they

found out the invention of putting a shirt next the skin; that as for ruffles and Steenkirks, they were never added in the very splendour and luxury of the Empire.

I continued my discourse, that I much admire I could never meet with a statue in London but what was clothed with a *Toga pura*, and no representation of a bullated one. I told her that the Romans indeed wore flannel shirts, but in my mind a fair linen shirt every day is as great a preservative to neatness and cleanness of the skin as going to the bagnio was to the Romans. The lady smiled, and told me:

"Sir, I am glad you have clothed the poor creatures that we found naked."

This seeming to be spoke in a ridiculous way, something provoked me; but spying a little statue of Mother Shipton, whose face was deep within the coiffure, says I:

"Madam, this woman looks as if she were ashamed of her cheat. It was the fancy of King Henry VIII. time to make old women prophetesses, but I think to make them *Sagæ* and *Veneficæ* (that is, in plain English, sorceresses and poisoners) is reasonable enough, for age makes all people spiteful, but more the weaker sex."

So we parted in chagrin, for I believe the lady, modestly speaking, was upwards of fifty.

I heard of several persons that had great collections of Rarities, Pictures, and Statues. But I was resolved to visit but a few, and those the most curious; and when I made any observations, that they should be to the purpose.

So I visited Mr. Doncaster. He entertained me very civilly. He has a very fine octagon room, with a dome. He has very fine pictures, though I must confess as before I have no relish for painting. He showed me some pictures of Rubens, in which the allegoric assistants in the tableaux are very airy and fancifully set out. He showed me likewise one of Vandyke, but being painted in dishabille it had a foppish nightgown and old coiffure. Which led me into this reflection, that the modern painters have hereby an opportunity to be idle. He has several other curiosities; among the rest was a Roman glass, whose very bottom was smooth and very little umbilicate. He showed me likewise a great rummer of two quarts, very proper for Rhenish wine and lemon and sugar in the midst of summer; I found that the foot of the latter was more umbilicated than the former. He then diverted me with a copy of the writing said to be the devil's writing, kept in Queen's College in Oxford, upon which I began the discourse of these matters. I told him that the Chinese were very much

embarrassed in their writing, as this writing seemed to be. But I was rather inclined to think this the *boustrophedon* way, mentioned by Suidas, like the racers about the *meta* in the Cirque. But I could not find that he had any apprehension of the matter. In this collection I saw a *miller's thumb*, which he told me was taken by a miller with his thumb and forefinger. It is very like a hippocampus as to the thick belly and breast of it. With this I was extremely pleased, and am infinitely obliged to this Mr. Doncaster, for he showed me several sorts of tadpoles and sticklebacks, which only for bigness are not much unlike a Pope, or Ruff, and presented me with one of them, which I design to give a draught of.

I was to visit Mr. Muddifond. I was sorry to hear that he had some thoughts concerning the heart of a hedgehog, which had made a very great breach betwixt Mr. Goodenough and himself. I could have wished I might have reconciled the animosity. But it is to be hoped there may come good from an honest emulation. I had several discourses with Mr. Muddifond about an old cat and a young kitten in an air pump, and how the cat died after 16 pumps, but the kitten survived 500 pumps; upon which he fell into a learned discourse of the lives of cats, and at last agreed upon this distinction, that it ought

not to be said that cats but that kittens have nine lives. And after the dispute ended, he very obligingly procured me a human heart. But I must confess the generosity of the English in this, for not many days after Mr. Baddington procured me another, which was extremely grateful.

I was commended by a friend to Mr. Brownsworth, a person that belongs to the Tower of London. He is a civil gentleman, but his genius led him more to politics than curiosity. He proffered to show me the new Armoury, in which are arms, as he told me, for above a hundred thousand men, all disposed in a manner most surprising and magnificent; as likewise another Armoury, where are arms for twenty thousand men more. He would likewise have showed me the Horse Armoury, a Royal train of Artillery, and several Cannons taken out of the *Trident* Prize. He would likewise have carried me to see the Crown Imperial and other jewels belonging to it. I humbly thanked him and told him that my curiosity led me otherwise, and that my observations inclined rather to Nature than Dominion; upon which, smiling he said he hoped he should gratify me, and immediately led me to a place where we saw lions, tigers, and two very remarkable catamountains. I took more particular notice of two owls of an immense greatness, but by

their being without horns I take them not to be a distinct species from the European.

But that with which I was most delighted was a calf-skin stuffed; it was admirable to behold, a certain tumour or excrescence it had upon its forehead in all points resembling the commodes or top-knots now in fashion; upon this I expressed my thanks to Mr. Brownsworth in the most obliging terms I could. He then told me the Royal Mint was not far off; upon which I said I was a great admirer of coins, and desired him to give me an account of what coins there were in England. He began to tell me that about three years ago the current coin of the Kingdom consisted of old money, coined by several Kings; that those coins were clipped and debased to a very great degree, but that the King, with the advice of his Parliament, in the very height of the war with France, had established a paper credit (or if you please to call it coin) of bills, issued out of the Exchequer, and notes from the Royal Bank of England, amounting to prodigious sums; that at present all our silver is in milled money, either of the two last Kings, or his present Majesty, of which there is so great a quantity that posterity will be apt to think that there were scarce any prince that ever coined before him. This money and credit have circulated so far and are in so great a plenty

that in a late subscription to a new East India Company, two millions sterling were subscribed in less than two days' time, and as much more excluded. I believe the man would have run on till evening if I had not thus interrupted him:

"Sir," said I, "I beg you to consider that I am a *Virtuoso*, and that your present discourse is quite out of my element. Sir, you would oblige me much more if you could find me any coin from Palmira, more particularly of Zenobia, Odenatus, or Vabalathus," — and that I preferred a *VABALATHUS UCRIMPR*, or a *VABALATHUS AUG* before twenty of the best pieces of gold coined in the Tower.

The gentleman very civilly replied that he would endeavour to satisfy my curiosity; that he had at home two rusty copper pieces with which he intended to present me (which he accordingly did the next day), that he had been told by a person of the *Belles Lettres* that they were dug out of the Isle of Scilly, and that one was of Catathumpton, a Saxon Prince, the other of Goclenia, his daughter and successor; as they have both very odd characters (if any) about them. I design to give the reader a cut of them. The evening coming on, and my thanks returned to him, we parted.

I was to see Mr. Shuttleworth, whose

friendship I greatly value. He has many stones from Scotland; there is one the most curious of all, concerning which he is ready to publish a dissertation. It is a catalogue, in three columns, of the names of the most principal persons that were killed at Chevy Chase. Widdrington closes the column, and after his name there is a noble Pindarick, in which he is recorded, upon the cutting off his legs, to have **fought upon his stumps.** Of the antiquity of this stone besides the known history and names which justify the times of those men, the figure of the letters and the blackness of them, particularly of the word **stumps,** are undoubted arguments.

He shewed me a thousand other rarities, as the Skin of a Cape Ass,[1] many very excellent Land Snails, a Freshwater Mussel from Chatham, a thin Oyster, a very large Wood Frog with the extremity of the toes webbed.

He showed me some papers of Swammerdam, in which were some small treatises, or rather some figures only, of the Tadpole. Again, figures relating to the natural history of a certain Day Butterfly, and of some considerable number of Snails, as well naked as fluviatile. He showed me a vast number of great cases in which were playthings, or puppets, all of them brought from France,

[1] Cap Ass in original. Query Zebra.

except one *Sistrum*, or Egyptian Rattle, with three loose or running wires across it. I proffered him my assistance to complete so useful a collection as that of playthings and rattles.

I was infinitely pleased with this gentleman's company, especially when he showed me a Dissertation he had written out fair for the press, about a certain ancient *Intaglia* of medals of *Ptolomæus Auletes*, or the Player upon the Flute; in this he said the thin Muffler was the most remarkable. Upon this I told him that I had a Dissertation concerning *The Remarkable Thickness and Thinness of Mufflers*, with which I would present him.

One toy I took notice of, which was a collection of Tennis Balls for three hundred years or more; some of them were sent by a French King to King Henry V., and there are patterns of all that the English have sent back, from the bigness of the smallest bored musquet to the shells of the largest mortars.

I went to see an old woman (that shall be nameless); she was 91 years of age. I was surprised to find her body in ruins. It was a perfect mortification to see the sad decays of Nature. To hear her talk with her lips hanging about a toothless mouth, and her words flying abroad at random; this put me in mind of the Sybils uttering oracles, and

how other old women, called Witches, have been since employed on this errand, and have at very unreasonable times of night been forced to bestride their broomstaff on such like occasions.

I would have seen a very famous Library near St. James' Park, but I was told that the learned Library-Keeper was so busy in answering a book which had been lately wrote against him concerning *Phalaris* that it would be rudeness any ways to interrupt him; though I had heard of his singular humanity both in France and other places.

I was at an Auction of Books at Tom's Coffee-House, near Ludgate, where were above fifty people. Books were sold with a great deal of trifling and delay, as with us, but very cheap; those excellent authors Monsieur Maimbourg, Monsieur Varillas, and Monsieur le Grand, though they were all gilt on the back, and would have made a very considerable figure in a gentleman's study, yet after much tediousness were sold for such trifling sums that I am ashamed to name them.

The Pox here is the great business of the town. This secret service has introduced little contemptible animals of all sorts into business; and quacks here, as with us, do thrive vastly unto great riches.

It was very pleasant diversion to me to read

upon the walls, everywhere about the town, the quacks' bills in great uncial letters.

As

AQUA TETRACHYMAGOGON.[1]

Another,

READ, TRY, JUDGE, AND SPEAK AS YOU FIND.

Another,

THE UNBORN DOCTOR, THAT CURES ALL DISEASES. HE IS TO BE SPOKE WITH AT A BOILING COOKS, IN OLD BEDLAM, FROM TEN TILL TWO, AND AFTERWARDS AT HIS STAGE IN MOORFIELDS.

Another,

AT THE GOLDEN BALL, AND LILLY'S HEAD, JOHN CASE LIVES, THOUGH SAFFOLD'S DEAD.[2]

By these bills it is evident there is yet a certain modesty and decorum left in conceal-

[1] Cf Tatler, No. 240.

[2] Lilly, Case and Saffold were well-known Quacks and Astrologers.

ing this disease; and people, though they may have failings in private, don't care to expose themselves to the public. There are women, that are seventh daughters, that do admirable cures, and there are people that can pick pockets, and afterwards by consulting the stars tell you who it was that did it.

I met with a gentleman that told me a secret: That the old Romans in their luxury took their tea and chocolate after a full meal, and every man was his own cook in that case, particularly Cæsar, that most admirable and most accomplished Prince, being resolved to eat and drink to excess before he lay down to table, *Emeticen agebat*, prepared for himself his chocolate and tea. He presented me with a Roman Tea-Dish and a Chocolate-Pot, which I take to be about Augustus's time because it is very rusty; my maid, very ignorantly, was going to scour it, and had done me an immense damage.

I saw several Gardens at Kingsland, the gardener was an artist and had some plants in cases in good order, not to be seen elsewhere, as *Marum Syriacum*, Rosemary bushes, etc.

I was at Chelsea, where I took particular notice of these plants in the greenhouse at that time: As,

Urtica male olens Japoniæ, the stinking nettle of Japan.

Goosberia Sterilis Armeniæ, the Armenian goosberry-bush that bears no fruit; this had been potted thirty years.

Cordis Quies Persiæ, which the English call Hearts-ease, or Love and Idleness, a very curious plant.

Brambelia Fructificans Laplandiæ, or the blooming bramble of Lapland.

With a hundred other curious plants, as a particular collection of Briars and Thorns, which were some part of the curse of the Creation.

The winter was very rude and fierce. Multitudes had little tin kettles in their houses, with small coal kindled, to light their pipes withal; though in some places they use candles, in others salamanders.

I was at Bartholomew Fair. It consists of most toy shops, also faience and pictures, ribbon shops, no books; many shops of confectioners, where any woman may commodiously be treated; knavery is here in perfection, dextrous cut-purses, and pick-pockets. I went to see the dancing on the ropes, which was admirable. Coming out I met a man that would have taken off my hat, but I secured it, and was going to draw my sword, crying out, *Begar! Damned Rogue! Morbleu!* etc., when on sudden I had a hundred people about me, crying, "Here Monsieur, see Jeptha's Rash Vow; here,

Monsieur, see the tall Dutch Woman;[1] see the Tiger," says another; " see the Horse and no Horse, whose tail stands where his head should do; see the German Artist, Monsieur; see the Siege of Namur, Monsieur." So that betwixt rudeness and civility I was forced to get into a *fiacre*, and with an air of haste and a full trot got home to my lodgings.

I was at St. James' Park; there were no pavilions nor decorations of *treilliage* and flowers; but I saw there a vast number of ducks; these were a most surprising sight; I could not forbear to say to Mr. Johnson, who was pleased to accompany me in this walk, that sure all the ponds in England had contributed to this profusion of ducks; which he took so well that he ran immediately to an old gentleman that sat in a chair and was feeding of them. He rose up very obligingly, embraced me, and saluted me with a kiss and invited me to dinner, telling me he was infinitely obliged to me for flattering the King's ducks.

Of the Food of the Londoners.

The diet of the Londoners consists chiefly of Breat and Meat, which they use instead of herbs. Bread is there as in Paris finer and coarser, according as they take out the

[1] A famous rope-dancer.

bran. This I observed, that whereas we have a great deal of cabbage and but a little bit of meat, they will have monstrous pieces of beef; I think they call them Rumps and Buttocks, with a few carrots, that stand at a distance, as if they were frightened; nay, I have seen a thing they call a Sirloin, without any herbs at all, so immense that a French footman could scarce set it upon the table.

They use very white Salt, notwithstanding, I told them, the grey salt of France is incomparably better and more wholesome.

The common people feed much upon Grey Pease, of which there are great provisions made, and to be had ready boiled. I believe they delight in them most for supper, for every night there goes by a woman crying, "*Hot Grey Pease and Bacon.*" Though I take pease to be too windy for supper-meat, and am inclinable to believe that hot ox-cheek and baked wardens, cried at the same time, may be wholesomer.

Their Roots differ much from ours; there are no long turnips, but round ones; Hackney, near London, is famous for this most excellent root; they are most excellent with boiled and stewed mutton, and sometimes with stewed beef.

I found more Cabbage in London than I expected, and saw a great many reserves of old stalks in their public gardens. I asked

the reason. I was told the English were fantastic as to herbs and pulse; that one trade or society of men fancied them and cucumbers, and that a whole country were as much admirers of beans and bacon; and this they thought might be the reason of it.

Lettuce is the great and universal salad; but I did not find much Roman lettuce, because about ten years ago a gentleman sending his footman to market, he mistook and asked for Papist lettuce, and the ill name has hindered the vent of it ever since.

There are several others in the herb market, as mint, sorrel, parsley, very much used with chickens, white beets, red beets, and asparagus; these they tie up in bundles and impose so far as not to sell under a hundred at a time.

This city is well served with carp, herrings, cod, sprats, lobsters, and mackerel, of which there are such incredible quantities that there is a public allowance for mackerel as well as milk to be cried on Sundays.

Being desirous to see the Markets, I had a friend that one morning carried me to Leaden Hall. I desired to know what mushrooms they had in the market. I found but few, at which I was surprised, for I have all my life been very curious and inquisitive about this kind of plant, but I was absolutely astonished to find that as for *Champignons* and

Moriglio's, they were as great strangers to them as if they had been bred in Japan.

He promised to carry me to the Flesh Market, and there to make me amends; but when I came there, alas! there was a thousand times too much of it to be good, the sight of such a quantity was enough to surfeit one. I verily believe in my conscience there were more oxen than cabbages, and more legs of mutton than heads of garlick in the market. What barbarous soups then must these poor people eat! Their veal has not that beautiful redness which belongs to ours, and indeed their mutton seems more like it, only it is fatter; and their beef is large and fat to that degree that it is almost impossible to roast it dry enough for to make it fit for any Christian (that has the least of our country indisposition about him) to eat it with any safety.

There were several mountains of this beef, which they called Barons and Chines, which they told me were for one of the sheriffs. I will undertake with one of these Chines, together with cabbage, turnips, and other roots, herbs and onions proportionable, to make soup enough for the Parliament of Paris.

The English people by custom covet the freshest meat, and cannot endure the least tendency to putrefaction, which gives it a higher and salter taste; for as meat rots it

becomes more urinous and salt, which is all in all in the matter of soups. I saw but one fowl in the market that was fit to be eaten; its smell was delicious and its colour of a beautiful green; I desired my friend to ask the price, but the poulterer told him it was sold to a French merchant.

I have several other things that I might discourse of, as Kentish pippins, pears, kidney-beans, and lentils; preaching, gaming, coaching, carting, walking, sitting, standing, etc. I would likewise have given the reader the cuts of the *Nidus Trochilli Anglicani*, or wren's nest, a stickleback, two snails, two grasshoppers, and those admirable coins of *Catathumpton* and *Goclenia*, but that my bookseller said the graver was out of the way. What may be wanting in this, some other journeys, that I design to the two Universities, Norwich, Bristol, Exeter, Canterbury, and other trading places, I hope will supply.

FINIS.

Upon reviewing my notes, I find the following remarkable things omitted in my treatise, which, that the public may not want, I have thrown into a postscript.

The Wines follow, and Waters to drink.

Hare Court has excellent water; some people use New River, other Thames water. I told them that we had several liqueurs in France, as *Vin de Bonne, Volne, Mulso, Chabre, Condrieu,* and *D'Arbris, Ratafia,* otherwise called *Cherry Brandy, Vattée, Fenoulliet de l'Isle de Ree.* He answered me that he had a thousand such sort of liqueurs as *Humtie-Dumtie, Three-Threads, Four-Threads, Old-Pharoah, Knockdown, Hugmetée, Shouldrée, Clamber-Crown, Hot-Pots at Newgate Market, Fox-comb, Blind-Pinneaux, Stiffle, etc.*

I must not omit a famous sight in Drury Lane, a place remarkable for modesty and piety; there is a Sign of six Dogs that ploughed an acre of ground, which, I believe, may, for want of horses, be introduced into France with good effect. They have very good Mastiffs, that may serve for Dragoons, but they will scarce fall upon Protestants.

DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD

Relating to the preſent

CONTROVERSY

Concerning the

Epiſtles of PHALARIS.

BY THE

AUTHOR of the Journey to *London*.

LONDON:

Printed for *B. Lintott* at the *Croſs-Keys in Fleetſtreet, and H. Clements* at the *Half-Moon* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard.

TO THE READER.

The following dialogues were wrote by a gentleman residing at Padua, upon some intelligence he received there of one Bentivoglio, a very troublesome critic in the world. The author wrote them to divert his spleen, after having had a taste of those criticisms. He was so kind as to send them to me, to make me some small amends for his absence. The freedom that is between us suffers me to let them go out of my hands in the dress that I received them; with a design to try whether other people may have the same opinion of him that I have.

Adieu.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

Charon and *Lycophron.*

Lycophron: Why, Charon, what did you bring hither last week?

Charon: Ay what indeed! I am like to lose my place for it. I hear there is such a stir among the critics, that the three judges have much ado to ratify bonds of arbitration between them. But pray tell me what I have done, for I am ignorant of my own crime.

Lycophron: Why, you brought over young Schrevelius, and he had with him the works of the snarling critic Bentivoglio.

Charon: I can't tell whose works they were, but I am sure they were confounded heavy. They had like to have sunk my sculler. But I hope the troubles are composed on this side the water.

Lycophron: No, worse than ever; it is a mercy that no blood can be spilt among them; and having no weapons they can't come to daggers drawing.

Charon: Pray what may be the reasons of their dissentions?

Lycophron: Why, some are of your opinion, that indeed Bentivoglio is a heavy writer; and say farther that he is too bulky and too tedious, that he argues upon trifles with too great gravity, and manages serious things with as much lightness. That he has pillaged authors to gain a reputation, but has so managed his contrivance that he has lost his end. In short, there are mighty disputations whether he has least wit, judgment, or good manners. Rhadamanthus is their umpire, who, finding the case difficult, has taken a considerable time to deliberate concerning it.

Charon: But pray, sir, what do you say to this affair?

Lycophron: Why, indeed I am not wholly impartial in this matter, for Bentivoglio has very much obliged me throughout his works. He has imitated me even without reason, for as it was my choice, so his natural genius leads him to be unintelligible. A man may as soon understand his Latin as his English, and his English as my Greek; his Prose is as fantastic as my Verse; and my Prophecies carry more light with them than his Demonstrations.

Charon: Why then he may have more worth and learning in him than the generality of mortals can easily comprehend.

Lycophron: That is possible, but it is harder to search for them than to dig in the mines of Potosi. The great Dionysius has found his worth; I mean the same Dionysius who from being tyrant of Syracuse became a schoolmaster and a pedant. He, upon reading Bentivoglio's "Dissertation upon Johannes Antiochenus," wherein he had started a new observation about the measures of anapæstick verse, has called a hundred little youthful shades, that had formerly misspent their time through the negligence of their fathers and the fondness of their mothers, to come all under his correction, where, brandishing his wooden authority, he commands them to scan anapæstick verses; and if they find any verse ending with a short syllable they are immediately, right or wrong, to correct it, under the severe penalty of committing two pages of Bentivoglio's works to their memory. Buchanan, who was likewise a schoolmaster of great sense and parts though of much passion, has sent for a detachment of school-boys from Grotius and another from Scaliger, which, with some numbers from his own country and the moderns, he has drawn up against Dionysius; and this latter squadron affirm that the last syllable of an anapæstick verse may be short, notwithstanding Bentivoglio's dissertation. Proserpine only knows the event of these troubles; for till this matter

be decided Poetry must lie still, since in such dubious times no person can make an anapæstick verse with any safety.

Charon: Very true, sir, a mistake in such a quantity may be of fatal consequence.

Lycophron: But, Charon, the heat of my discourse had almost made me forget the very business I had with you. I have some requests to you from the Emperor Claudius, he is extremely enamoured with the works of Bentivoglio and has set forth his edict concerning some important matters which, if you please, I will read to you.

"CLAUDIUS: TO THE LOVERS OF THE BELLES LETTRES, GREETINGS. ALL THE WORLD KNOW HOW MUCH I WAS CONCERNED, AND WHAT BRAVE AND VALIANT THINGS I ACTED FOR THE GRANDEUR OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE; BUT MY GREATEST GLORY WAS THE ADDING OF LETTERS TO THE ROMAN ALPHABET, AND IT SHALL BE THE UTMOST OF MY ENDEAVOURS TO ESTABLISH THE PURITY OF THE LANGUAGES AND THE EXACTNESS OF SPELLING THROUGHOUT ALL NATIONS. THEREFORE, CONSIDERING THE GREAT SERVICE WHICH THE MOST FAMOUS BENTIVOGLIO HAS DONE HIS NATIVE COUNTRY BY RAISING THE CREDIT OF SEVERAL ADMIRABLE PROVERBS, I DO ORDER ALL PERSONS TO USE THE SAME AS OFTEN OR OFTENER THAN THEY HAVE OCCASION; FOR NOTHING CAN BE MORE

EDIFYING THAN THE FOLLOWING MAXIMS :— That Leucon carries one thing, and his ass another; a man of courage and spirit should not go with finger in eye to tell his story; a bungling tinker makes two holes while he mends one.

I LIKEWISE BY THE SAME AUTHORITY ORDER, THAT IN ALL BOOKS AND PREFACES WHATSOEVER, SUCH WORDS BE USED AS HAVE RECEIVED THE STAMP OF THAT GREAT AUTHOR; FOR I DO DECLARE AND CONCEDE, THAT WE OUGHT TO REPUDIATE WHATEVER IS COMMENTITIOUS, BUT THAT TO ALIENE WHAT IS VERNACULAR IS THE PUTID NEGOCE OF A TIMID IDIOM. I HAVE, MOREOVER, TAKEN INTO MY SERIOUS CONSIDERATION THE DUTY OF TRUE SPELLING, AND DO ORDER AND COMMAND, THAT NO SCHOOL-MISTRESS, WRITING-MASTER, GENTLEMAN, YOUNG LADY, OR OTHERS, DO BY VIRTUE, OR UNDER PRETENCE OF ANY METATHESIS, SYNCOPE, METASTOICHIE, SYNECDOCHE, OR ANY OTHER FIGURE WHATSOEVER, PRESUME TO WRITE CRUDS FOR CURDS, DELPHOS FOR DELPI, YNUPH FOR ENOUGH, YF FOR WIFE. BUT MORE PARTICULARLY, THAT NO ONE PRESUME TO USE COTEMPORARY FOR CONTEMPORARY, THE LETTER 'N' BEING IN THAT PLACE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE. BUT HE MAY WITH DELIGHT AND PLEASURE TO HIS READERS TRANSGRESS THE RULES OF ORTHOGRAPHY, AND USE THE WORD COGRATULATE IN A

JOCOSE SENSE, AS IT IS APPLIED IN THE WRITINGS OF THE MOST EXCELLENT AUTHOR BEFORE MENTIONED. ALL THIS I ESTABLISH UNDER THE PENALTY OF BENTIVOGLIO'S IRRESISTIBLE CRITICISMS, AND OUR UTMOST DISPLEASURE."

This edict Claudius desires may be set up beyond the Stygian Lake, that the shades may know how to act when they come hither.

Charon: Sir, your request shall be complied with, but I must make haste away, for you know I am expected with impatience. If these are the disputes of the persons of *Belles Lettres*, I am sure an honest sculler loses precious time and tide while he stays to hear them.

II.

IMPUDENCE: OR, THE SOPHIST.

Phalaris and the *Sophist*.

Phalaris: I am told lately, since the coming over of Schrevelius, wherever I go, that you lay claim to my Epistles, and say they were wrote by you.

Sophist: Perhaps I may have done so, sir, without offence.

Phalaris: Without offence! Shall a prince be rifled of his honour by a pedant? Be told to his face that his works are not his own? Daggers, bulls, and torments!

Sophist: Not so angry, good sir, you know that here in the shades all persons are equal. Besides, sir, it was always my humour to plume myself with borrowed feathers, and I never knew that the cuckoo did not lie in as decently as other birds, though she never put herself to the trouble of building her nest. And besides, sir, though Bentivoglio took whole passages from Nevelet and Vizzanius, yet they make no disturbance amongst the shades, but here is such a stir because I am pleased to own your Epistles.

Phalaris: Were you in the other world you would not have dared to have talked so to me.

Sophist: Nay, were you in the other world Bentivoglio would not have spoke as he has done of you.

Phalaris: Impudence in perfection! Could such a wretch as thou wast be able to express such things as I have done? *That honour of learned men and esteem of good, that scorn of my enemies, that bounty to my friends, that knowledge of life, and contempt of death.*[1]

[1] Sir Will. Temple's Essays. ["Upon Ancient and Modern Learning."]

Don't my thoughts flow with freedom, and my native fierceness give vigour to my words and animate all my expressions?

Sophist: These arguments might convince another person, and perhaps you have writ such a book indeed, but I have encouragement to take it upon me, and I will take it upon me.

Phalaris: What are the reasons by which you will convince other people that my Epistles are yours?

Sophist: Look you, sir, I am resolved to own them, and however improbable the thing may be I have a doctor to stand by me. And then, sir, I shall endeavour to pacify you with reasons, if that will do it; my arguments are from the uncertainty of the time in which you lived, and consequently of such persons who might be your cotemporaries, because you know there could never have been two of the same name. Another argument I draw from the names of Sicilian towns and villages, which amongst the variety of little commonwealths and changes of principalities must needs be the most certain rule imaginable to judge of time by, because we know the greatest nations are in dispute concerning their own originals. Then you, who are a Dorian, pretend to write Attic, which is as absurd as if a Berwick man should write English, and lastly, you have four sayings and six words that were not used till several

ages after you were born, as I am credibly informed.

Phalaris: Well, have you any more arguments?

Sophist: Yes, sir, I shall throw you in one argument more that must confound you. Throughout all your epistles there is not one word relating to the old gentlewoman, your mother, which a man of your benevolence and affection to your family could hardly have omitted; and in your letters to your son there is no mention made either of the young man's duty to his grandmother or of her love to him, and in your letters to your wife there is as great a silence about the mother's kindness to her daughter-in-law. Besides, whereas all the ancients used to date their letters, yours are without any note, place, or time, that one cannot tell where or when they were written.

Phalaris: Rhadamanthus grant me patience!

Sophist: Stay, sir, but one word more. You say the Epistles are your own, I say they are my own, and that Bentivoglio has proved them to be so by arguments that are his own.

III.

MODERN ACHIEVEMENTS.

Butcher and *Hercules.*

Butcher: Well, for all your blustering, were we in the other world I would not have turned my back to you, and if I had but a quarter-staff I would have ventured you with your club for coming in with me.

Hercules: Did not I cleanse the Augean stables and conquer the bull of Marathon?

Butcher: And I have staved and tailed at the Bank-side when the stoutest he would not venture; was it not I that when Tom Dove broke loose and drove the mob before him, took him by the ring and led him back to the stake, with the universal shouts of the company? Besides, I question whether you ever saw a bull-dog.

Hercules: You talk of mean performances; but I subdued the Læstrigons, who used to banquet upon man's flesh; and destroyed horses, that after they had eat the meat from a human body would crash the bones as other palfries do horse-beans. Perhaps you never heard of these stories?

Butcher: Not I.

Hercules: No, not you! Do you know what authors say? That Phalaris longed to eat a child, and at last came to devour sucking children, taking them from their mothers breasts to eat them, and that his own son did not escape his hunger. Do you know in what Olympiad the famous Emperor Xerxes butchered the Empress Atossa, sister to Cambyses, wife to Darius, and his own natural mother, and then ate her? No, not you! Your stature and strength of body makes you proud, but your ignorance in history renders you contemptible. Read the works of the great Bentivoglio, that are lately come over, and be wiser.

Butcher: I don't know anything about your man-eaters, but I know when and where the fellow ran for the great bag-pudding, and ate it when he had done; and I am sure if this story was well told it would seem the more probable.

Hercules: You enrage me! Now by the gods I have taken the Thermodoontiack belt from the Princess Thalestris.

Butcher: Hold a little, good sir, I have flung down the belt in Moorfields when never a Lincolns-Inn-fields wrestler durst encounter me.

Hercules: What think you of Hyllus, Lycon and Plato the wrestlers, Cleanthes the cuffer, and twenty more of them? Oh the

glory of the former ages! What racing, what running, what wrestling, what boxing at the Olympiads, the Pythick and Nemean games, when the oak, the pine and parsley garlands remained the reward of their victories!

Butcher: In truth, sir, I believe the Cornish hug would have puzzled the art of your philosophers, and that a prize at back-swords, with the other weapons, as dagger, faulchion, and the rest, may be as well worth admiration as your hard named Lympiads that you make such a rout with. Hereafter I would have all the wenches that win the smock at Astrop,[1] and the fellows that get the hat and feathers throughout England by boxing and cudgel-playing, to be put in the Chronicle and take place above the High Constable.

Hercules: What can you have seen like the horse-racing in Greece; for after the Apene, which was drawn by mules and first was used at the Olympics in the 70th Olympiad, was cried down in the 84th Olympiad, the race of horses was improved to admiration.

Butcher: This may be true; but as poor a fellow as I was, I could have laid my leg over a good piece of horseflesh, and with a hundred guineas in my pocket have rode to Newmarket, where Dragon, or Why-not,

[1] Once famous for its Wells and its Goose Feast.

Honeycome-punch,[1] or Stiff-Dick, should have run for it against any Grecian horse that you or any of your forefathers could have produced.

Hercules: You would still pretend to out-do the ancients; but let me tell you one thing which I did, which, I must own my thanks to Bentivoglio, is by him recorded to Posterity. I had a mind to go to Erythræa, an island in the Western Ocean, and how do you think I got thither? In a ship, you will say. No! In a brazen ship? No! In a cauldron? No! In a brazen cauldron? No! In a golden bed? No! How, then, you will say, in the name of wonder? Why, in short, I got the sun to lend me his golden cup to sail in, and I scudded away as well as if I had had all the wind and sail imaginable.

Butcher: And no such great matter at last! I remember as I was boasting one day of my exploits to a good jolly Muscovite at the Bear-Garden, he told me that St. Nicholas came to their country sailing upon a millstone, which I thought as humoursome a passage as your cup. But to be short and plain with you, I have witnesses both on this side and the other side of Styx that saw me row myself from the Horse Ferry to the other side of the water

[1] 1699 ed. reads 'Honey-cum-punch.' The printer of the present text ingeniously suggested emending the reading here given to 'Honeycomb-punch.' An emendation which shows the strength and weakness of the Bentleyan method!

in my own tray, with a couple of trenchers; and there is a tray and a millstone for your cup and your cauldron.

Hercules: I find you will have the last word.

[Exit.

Butcher: Well, since he is gone, I think I may say that the persons who have lived lately are only wanting to themselves, and that it is the negligence of our ballad-singers that makes us to be talked of less than others, for who, almost, besides St. George, King Arthur, Bevis, Guy, and Hickathrift, are in the Chronicles. Our great scholars are so much taken up with such fellows as this Hercules, Hyllus the wrestler, Cleanthes the cuffer, Phalaris and Xerxes the man-eaters, that they never mind my actions, nor several other of their own countrymen's.

IV.

SELF-LOVE; OR THE BEAU.

Ricardo,[1] *Narcissus.*

Ricardo: 'Augustus died in a compliment, Tiberius in dissimulation, Vespasian in a

[1] Richard Bentley in praise of himself.

jest, Galba with a sentence, Severus in dispatch and Narcissus in love.'

Narcissus: I think myself happy in my death, since it was in pursuance of so justifiable a passion as that of self-love; for all the world must own that I was charmingly beautiful.

Ricardo: Why truly, I think that a critic, as Bentivoglio for example, has as much reason to value himself upon as you had, or rather more. And, indeed, are not his works full of himself? And is he at all sparing in his own commendations? Does he blush to hear himself praised, or rather don't he spread his gayest feathers to the best advantage, and then amplifies, expatiates and comments upon himself, that beloved subject? In short, has he not done himself true honour by his improvement of the *parodia* of the salt-cellar, and then assuming that warmth and haughtiness which are companions of such as are conscious of their own merit? Well, I am satisfied you could never have been so handsome as he is learned and ingenious in his own eyes.

Narcissus: Might three pimples at once have seized my complexion, if you don't amaze a person of my fondness for my own accomplishments! Did not my perfections occasion me the envy of my sex?

Ricardo: And will not even Envy itself be

forced to allow that Bentivoglio's discovery concerning anapæsts is no inconsiderable one? And does not he speak truth when he says the critics tell him that *rumpantur ut ilia Codris* — although the Codri burst with spleen, yet he will be esteemed by all that cultivate humanity?

Narcissus: All the nymphs addressed to me in the softest words and most languishing expressions.

Ricardo: And can anything be more tender than what the critics tell Bentivoglio, that they keep his Epistles more carefully than dried grapes or preserved pine-apples; that he arrives to the palate as soon as tasted, and is the very *oglio* of all musical dainties?

Narcissus: Did not sighs and tears attend my neglect, and was not death the companion of my disdain?

Ricardo: And does not Bentivoglio's all-correcting-pen, when once drawn forth, make all the critics tremble? Is Vossius secure? Is Scaliger without his faults? Don't Stobæus and Pollux know their distance? Nay, can even the *Etymologicon* or the Scholiast be then supposed to be unblameable?

Narcissus: Echo declares the force of my charms, and though a miserable yet is a lasting monument of my conquest.

Ricardo: Echo repeats only the last and dying sounds of sentences, whereas Benti-

voglio knows that he has the full voice of Fame. He has received thanks from all the lovers of polite learning, and his worth has long ago reached these shades and has put the ghost of Reubenius to an uneasiness to know how to return the obligations received from him.

Narcissus: The gods took care that I should not be forgot in the other world; each spring revives my flower which preserves my name, and is the greatest beauty in the garlands of all nymphs that lament my absence.

Ricardo: But the great Bentivoglio has more sublime glory! What Emperors were flattered with when dead, that he has gained deservedly whilst living; he is a star already, and if he proceeds in his learned labours may become a constellation. He is reverenced by all for being the new and rising star and the brightest light of Britain; whereas, sir, for your flowers, a man may have a basketful of you in the market for sixpence.

Narcissus: Well, I will hide myself in the thickest shades of myrtles; there contemplate upon my own perfections, and every now and then in some neighbouring fountain (since I cannot fear a second death) gaze upon my own beauty. Farewell, fond critic; languish in thy misfortune, since thou dost not comprehend my worth, which I alone know how to value.

Ricardo: Alas, he flies! And now methinks I begin already to repent of what I have done. How unsincere are all human pleasures, something still intervenes to tarnish the lustre of our triumphs. I may have gained the better of Narcissus, but then I grieve to think that after his example some day or other even my friend Bentivoglio's self-love may chance to be put out of countenance.

V.

THE DICTIONARY.

Hesychius and *Gouldman.*[2]

Hesychius: Oh! Brother Gouldman, I am heartily glad to meet you. You must have heard the news: Bentivoglio has vindicated the worth and honour of all dictionaries; he has read half of me, and has made honourable mention of me in all his works; he has restored me in ten thousand places, and collated me with all the manuscripts in the world but those in the King of Poland's library. Methinks you don't seem so pleased with the

[1] An Alexandrian lexicographer.

[2] Author of a Dictionary of English and Latin. He died *circ.* 1688.

news as you ought to be. Are you not concerned for the wit, reputation, and honour of one that can write a dictionary? You seem so unconcerned as if you had no opinion of the matter.

Gouldman: Prithee Brother Hesychius, don't trouble me with the story of a fellow that has read your labours, for I am persuaded that he must have a very small library and little to do that reads a dictionary.

Hesychius: Not read a dictionary! Why I knew a man that read all the volumes of Stephen's *Thesaurus* thrice over.

Gouldman: I thought dictionaries had been made not to have been read, but turned to. Besides, some are too voluminous. There came out in Arabia some centuries ago a dictionary of three or four folios which contains nothing else but the several parts of a camel, and the words that are properly used in the dressing and equipping of it. Do you think it would be worth while to make one of equal bulk concerning horses, for the use of the Europeans? How many grooms in the mews or jockeys in Smithfield do you think would read it?

Hesychius: You are the most provoking shade that walks. What! no wit, breeding, complaisance, politics, knowledge of men and manners, to be learned out of dictionaries! Prove it, prove it! Hear him, hear him!

Gouldman: I grant that all wit, arts, genteel and mannerly conversation are contained in dictionaries just as they are in the alphabet, and in some measure more properly, because they contain words; but then the joining them is the art our dictionaries will never teach a man; for suppose I was to discourse in politics, my first word I find in your 119th page, the second in your 204th, and the third perhaps an hundred pages after; now this is too much for mortal man to carry in his memory.

Hesychius: So then, you would have a man put words together properly to make sense of them! Very fine! How then could I or my friend Bentivoglio be authors? But let me hear you as to the wit of dictionaries.

Gouldman: Why, I believe that the person who pretends to have discovered any wit, either in mine or yours, brother, has found out more than ever we designed to teach him.

Hesychius: Astonishment! Does not more of Homer's wit appear in his Eustathius and Didymus than in his Iliads? And is not Clavis Homerica better than either? And Seberus's Index a wiser book than any of them all? What man won't own that Erythræus has done more service to Virgil than Ogilby has by translating him?

Gouldman: At the same rate, I suppose, you will compliment me and tell me that the

proper names at the end of my dictionary are a better history than Hollingshead, Heylin, and Howell altogether. Now you see the use of my letter H.

Hesychius: Why so they are! But can there be more wit than in an Etymology, of which you are full from all languages?

Gouldman: Etymologies may indeed furnish materials for quibblers, punsters, and conundrum makers, but these sorts of wit are as much out of use as hammered money.

Hesychius: But I hope they will be in esteem again, when my works are restored by the hand of the great Bentivoglio. But is not the order of a dictionary admirable? Has not Julius Pollux a most incomparable fluency? Is not Harpocration an exquisite politician? Meursius's Glossary of the Greek and Barbarous words most harmonious? Does not Passer contend with Schrevelius, and Schrevelius with Passer, and both deserve the conquest? But you don't seem to have a just esteem for your own works; *Tanti eris aliis quanti tibi fueris*, as the poet Calepin has it. Be sure think as well of yourself for writing a dictionary as Bentivoglio does of himself for reading one, and the world must think well of you.

VI.

AFFECTATION OF THE LEARNED LADY.

Bellamira, Calphurnia.

Bellamira: You seem, madam, to have been strangely delighted with the *Belles Lettres* whilst you were in the other world.

Calphurnia: Why truly, madam, I was thought to have had a relish for them, and not to have been *sans quelque goût* in the *belle manière.*

Bellamira: Reading may be allowable in our sex, when we have little else to do, especially if the subject be diverting; but your *toilette* used always to be heaped with such books as frighted me to look into them.

Calphurnia: Having an acquaintance among the learned, sometimes I had spread before me the works of Jansenius, and Mr. Arnaud, Stephens's *Thesaurus*, Des Cartes, Casaubon's Athenæus, Kircher, Lipsius, Taubmannus, with such like authors, and manuscripts innumerable.

Bellamira: Indeed madam, you used to make such an appearance abroad as if you bestowed your time in your dressing-room different from other ladies.

Calphurnia: I was so visited in a morning

by the *Virtuosi*, critics, poets, booksellers; so taken up with my correspondence with the learned, both at home and abroad, that I had little time to talk with my milliner, dresser, mantua-maker, and such illiterate people.

Bellamira: Such a *levée* for a lady is not very common, but they who have had a capacity for such company, must needs have been very well entertained.

Calphurnia: Oh infinitely! The company most charming! I could have wished for your sake, madam, that you had understood Latin and Greek, I could have recommended to your acquaintance so profound a scholar.

Bellamira: To what intent, madam?

Calphurnia: Why you, madam, were a person very nice and exact in your dress, your table and apartments. I have heard him, madam, give such a description of a commode from a satyr of Juvenal, that your ladyship could not have found fault with the air of it. Then he illustrated the text with the comments of Lubin, Holyday, and others, to that degree, madam, *Campagibus altis ædificare Caput*, madam! Oh charming! beyond anything, even of the French, madam!

Bellamira: You are obliging to assist me in this matter; for I ignorantly took the fashion as I found it.

Calphurnia: A gentleman came one morning with several various readings upon

Vitruvius, and from thence persuaded me that the frame of my looking-glass was the most injudicious piece of architecture that could be, that the bases were Doric, the capitals Corinthian, and the architrave perfectly barbarous, for which reason I went abroad without patches, till such absurdities were entirely mended and corrected by his direction.

Bellamira: I remember in Don Quixote one of my authors, the Marquess of Mantua, when he had sworn to revenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos, was not to eat on a tablecloth till he had performed it. But was not yours too severe a mortification for the ignorance of your cabinet-maker? But, pray madam, who was this knowing person?

Calphurnia: It was the great *Virtuoso* Signor Bentivoglio, a person of the most known merit then breathing. I did nothing in my family without his direction. He has often taken his bill of fare out of Athenæus, and covered my table with the most surprising dishes imaginable. Ordinary persons content themselves with modern soups, but after my acquaintance with him nothing but the black Lacedæmonian broth might be set before us. He gave the bravest sounding Greek names from Simon's *Art of Cookery* and the *Gastronomia*, such *Oulions*, *Groulions*, *Floios* and *Toios* to the end of everything that it was

most charming. He made the most delicious *Alphiton* of the ancients, far exceeding our hasty pudding. I remember once at the sight of a piece of roast beef he repeated such a rumbling description out of Homer of the beef sent up to Agamemnon, that I profess my Lady Cornelia's children ran away frightened long before the *Melimela* and *Mala Aurea*, which the ignorant call the dessert, could possibly be set on the table.

Bellamira: I profess, madam, I had rather have gone without a dessert, nay, a second course, than have had things with such hideous names set before me. But, madam, do learned men trouble themselves about such affairs as these are?

Calphurnia: Oh! Madam, no man can be a scholar without being expert in the whole method of Athenæus's *Cookery*. What quarrels, madam, do you think there have been between grave and learned men about spelling a Greek word that has been only one single ingredient of a patty-pan! Pray read Athenæus, madam, and you will be convinced of it.

Bellamira: Sure, learned men won't quarrel about trifles?

Calphurnia: Oh! Madam, rather than anything. Why, as I have read in several authors, Timotheus, a grammarian, upon a dispute concerning a Greek word, laid his

beard to a *Chechine* with the great scholar Philelphus. The old gentleman lost, and his adversary was so unmerciful as to cut it off and hang it upon his chair, as a monument of his victory.

Bellamira: A cruelty, in my opinion, too insulting.

Calphurnia: Oh! madam, I had forgot one thing, I most heartily beg your pardon. Bentivoglio one day showed me the name of a pudding in one of Aristophanes his plays, which, if it were wrote at its full length would be as long as your ladyship's tippet.

Bellamira: I fancy this outlandish way of furnishing your table was the reason why persons of quality avoided eating with you, especially having company that discoursed so much above them.

Calphurnia: I was so involved in the Greek that I protest, madam, I had entirely forgot the necessary ingredients for lemon cream and jelly of hartshorn.

Bellamira: Perhaps that might be the reason you appeared so seldom in the park, and were so very long before you returned a visit that had been paid you.

Calphurnia: My day for the ladies was but once a fortnight, but every day for the *Virtuosi*. But, pray, madam, how did you spend your time, and fit yourself for conversation?

Bellamira: Why, madam, my own affairs took up some part of my time; music and drawing diverted me now and then; I had sometimes a fancy for work; I now and then went to see a play, when I liked the company I went with better than those I usually found there; I made myself as easy as I could to my acquaintance, and I have still the vanity to think I was not disagreeable to them. And I did not find but if one of us make out in civility what we want in learning, we might pass our time well enough in the world.

Calphurnia: If you can satisfy yourself with such trifles, I am your servant, madam, and *Adieu*.

VII.

CHRONOLOGY.

Lilly the Astrologer, Helvicus.

Lilly: Why, as matters go now with chronology, it signifies nothing what we do. There is no value for exactness; to what end have we studied? What becomes of our decimals, sexagesimals, algorithms of fractions, parabolisms, hypobybasms, para-

[1] An eminent Greek scholar of the preceding century.

lelopipeds, and zenzes? When we have flung away a day, nay, sometimes a week to preserve the least imaginary part of a moment, what honours are at last conferred upon us? Father Time may even bestow his hour-glass upon what parish church he pleases; and next hay harvest for want, or else diversion, mow his way down from Paddington to Cumberland.

Helvicus: Why in such a passion, brother Lilly?

Lilly: Brother Lilly! You make very free with me. I am none of your brother; the great Bentivoglio may indeed call me brother, since the publication of his eternal labours. He equals the chronological tables that I yearly published; and then he is the most exact man at the original of a Sicilian city, that amidst never so great variety of authors he can tell you the man that laid the first stone of it. There was not a potter in Athens or a brazier in Corinth but he knows when he set up and who took out a statute of bankrupt against him.

Helvicus: Why, this is great learning indeed!

Lilly: Why, so it is, sir. Do you know whether Thericles made glass or earthenware, or what Olympiad he lived in?

Helvicus: Truly not I, but do the fortunes of Greece depend upon it?

Lilly: Thus you would encourage ignorance; my brother Bentivoglio and I have studied many years upon things of less importance, some of which I shall name to you, as that carp and hops came into England the same year with heresy. That the first weather-cock was set upon the tomb of Zethys and Calais, sons of Boreas, in the time of the Argonautic expedition. That Mrs. Turner brought up the fashion of yellow starch. That the Sybarites first laid rose-cakes and lavender among their linen. That Sardanapalus was the inventor of cushions, which never before this last century have been improved into easy chairs by the metamorphosis of cast mantuas and petticoats, to the ruin of chambermaids. And yet we thought our time well spent, I must tell you.

Helvicus: Are any of these things in Usher's *Annals* or Simpson's *Chronicon?*

Lilly: Perhaps not; but we stand upon their shoulders and therefore see things with greater exactness; perhaps never man came to the same pitch of chronology as the much esteemed Bentivoglio. He has got the true standard by which to judge of the Grecian time. He knows the age of any Greek word, unless it be in the Greek Testament, and can tell you the time a man lived in by reading a page of his book, as easily as I could have told an oyster-woman's fortune when my hand

was crossed with a piece of silver.

Helvicus: This is admirable! Why, then, it seems words have their chronology and phrases, their rise and fall, as well as the four monarchies.

Lilly: Very right; let Bentivoglio but get a sentence of Greek in his mouth, and turn it once or twice upon his tongue, and he as well knows the growth of it as a Vintner does Burgundy from Madeira

Helvicus: For shame, give over. You and Bentivoglio are a disgrace to Chronology—which is a study that has, and does, employ the care of the greatest men in Church and State. Nothing can be of more use than the periods they fix, both for the illustration of History and the service of Religion. But I must own that Thericles's crockery-ware does not fall under these grave enquirers' notice. Consider farther, that men of true learning will always be honoured whilst their mimics are despised.

VIII.

THE IMPOSTURE.

Heraclitus, Democritus.

Heraclitus: Alas! Alas! The world it seems continues still the same: lies, mistakes, cheats, forgeries and impostures are published and defended among the learned as much as ever. Alas! Alas!

Democritus: Cheer up your spirits, old spark, the world owes half its ease, content and happiness to deceit.

"So to his cure we the sick youth betray,
And round the cup persuasive honey lay;
The bitter draught thus by the boy received,
Preserves his life for being well deceived."

A coxcomb is the object of envy rather than pity. When you weep to see sharpers impose upon his sense, bullies upon his courage, and pedants upon his understanding, he laughs at your tears, and I laugh at his follies.

Heraclitus: Who without concern will consider that Pythagoras should write verses and put Orpheus's name to them? That Heraclites should be such an imposture as to counterfeit Thespis's plays and impose upon Clemens Alexandrinus, Pollux, and Plutarch altogether? Alas! the very laws of Charon-

das and Zaleucus are spurious cheats and foul impostures; while Diodorus, Stobæus, and others, have, as much as in them lay, contributed to the villainy.

Democritus: Defer your passion, the other side of these propositions may chance to be true. Besides, you pass no great compliment upon learning when you would show your learned men of antiquity to be either fools or rascals. You may easily guess by this simile what the generality of by-standers will be apt to do upon this occasion

Heraclitus: But O! Phalaris! Phalaris! Notwithstanding the dissertation of Bentivoglio, the sophist imposes his spurious Epistles upon the world under his name; and the *Examiner*, who has undertaken his defence, has met with a kind reception from the world; whilst none complain but I and Bentivoglio.

Democritus: Whilst life, spirit, and a great genius shine throughout the Epistles, and whilst wit, judgment, and learning go along with the *Examiner*, men will read them. In the meantime dry your eyes and assure yourself your friend Bentivoglio will never be useless as long as there are any grocers. You seem more pale than ordinary all of a sudden. What is the matter?

Heraclitus: The Stone! The Stone! The Stone!

Democritus: You can't be troubled with that, since your shade can feel no pain.

Heraclitus: It is the marble that is the thing that grieves me.

Democritus: Pray, what has this marble done?

Heraclitus: Time has devoured it.

Democritus: If that be all, that is a thing common to all marble.

Heraclitus: Oh! but this which is eaten is in the most material place for the purpose. For without a man can make sense of— *ppotonistha— d— arsicho— noinow— er— nos— etc.*, and read whole lines where no letters can be seen, the Age of Tragedy, which is an important matter, can never be determined.

Democritus: You are much besides the mark, old friend, if you would have a stone legible. A huge marble would sell for nothing, if it had above a dozen letters on it; that's the stone for money that requires spectacles and an iron feskew to make letters where a man can't find them. It is not a critic's business to read marbles, but out of broken pieces to guess at them, and then positively to restore them. As the misunderstanding of this at present has caused you some disturbance, so the contemplation of an antiquary for the future may create you very good diversion.

Heraclitus: You seem not to have a just relish of antiquity, whilst I deplore those irreparable losses which time has occasioned. Not a mortal now breathing knows the shape of Nestor's cup, nor what were the disputes of the old grammarians about it, since the many treatises which were written upon that subject are now perished and sunk in oblivion.

Democritus: Well, I will procure you a catalogue from Bentivoglio of such books as have been lost and are found, such as have been lost and are not found; and, in short, of such as have neither been lost nor found. But my heart won't break as long as there are such dissertations remaining as:

The History of Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, and Tobacco.

The Theological Collation occasioned by the words *Tirez*, *Mirez*, *Beuf*, that is, *Take*, *Look*, *Drink*, by the profound scholar, Adrian Vander Blict.

The Treatise of Northallerton Ale.

The Interlude of Ale, Toast, Sugar, Nutmeg and Tobacco, with The Contest of Toast for having rubbed himself against Nutmeg.

'Learn to Lie Warm,' proving the necessity for a young man to marry an old woman.

These writings to me supply the place of all

authors that have writ about the shape of cups since the reign of Saturn.

Heraclitus: Whilst in the meantime my grief is insupportable!

Democritus: Come, put off your chagrin and take a little of my good humour along with you Rail (1) with you, Quibble (2) with you, Quote (3) proverbs with you, Dispute (4) with you, Pun (5) with you, Cut Greek capers (6) with you, Tell a gossip's tale (7) with you, Sing a smutty catch (8) with you. Anything to divert you, and yet all shall be according to art and the exact method of your friend Bentivoglio. I see you look sour and begin to frown upon me. How true a saying is it that 'one man may steal a horse with less danger than another look over the hedge.' Should I do any of these things of my own head I know how I should be censured and what would become of me. But when I act under the pretence of being a great scholar and the open protection of such an authority as that of Bentivoglio, I dare be as fanciful as any dissertator of them all.[1]

[1] In the original edition the following examples, taken from Bentley's *Dissertation* (they are not in all cases exact quotations) are here printed in the body of the text:

(1) P. 408. If I say that grass is green or snow is white I am still at the courtesy of my antagonist; for if he should rub his forehead and deny it I do not see by what syllogism I should refute him (2) P. 361. In a body of laws any metaphor at all makes but an odd figure. P.277. Mr. B—— is pleased to call that dissertation my soft epistle

to Dr. Mill, which is ironically said for hard, and indeed to confess the truth it is too hard for him to bite at. (3) P. 351. Such a trade would have been as unprofitable as to carry sylphium to Cyrene, or frankincense to Arabia, or coals to Newcastle. (4) P. 297. It is as if some boy should thus argue with his master: *Pomum* may signify *Malum*, an apple, and *Pomum* may signify *Cerasum*, a cherry; therefore *Malum*, an apple, may signify *Cerasum*, a cherry. (5) P. 203. Stratonicus the musician made a quibble about it, for as he once was in Mylasa, a city that had few inhabitants in it but a great many temples, he comes into the Market Place as if he would proclaim something, but instead of Axaele laoi, as the form used to be, he said Axaele Naoi, which is so good in Greek that it cannot be translated. (6) From p. 264 to 269. Make room there, for I am beginning a dance that's enough to strain a man's sides with the violent motion. Pollux says of the dances of women, they were to kick their heels higher than their shoulders. And in Phrynichus's way, frisk and caper, so as the spectators seeing your legs aloft may cry out with admiration. With a dissertation concerning an error in Aristophanes, which has continued ever since Adrian's time, whether Phrynichus sneaks like a cock, or rather strikes like a cock. A very material question! (7) P. 224. A certain gossip of old, as the story goes, would needs tell her comrades what Jupiter once whispered to Juno in her ear. The company was inquisitive how she could know it then. But Mr. B—— would have answered for her, that they might as well ask her how she came to know his name was Jupiter. Fame that told her the one must tell her the other too. (8) P. 357. A Greek song in Athenæus. They are the words of a woman to her lover, that he would rise before her husband comes home and catches them.

IX.

MODERN LEARNING.

Signor *Moderno*,[1] Signor *Indifferentio*.

Indifferentio: Where have you been, Moderno? in the name of wonder! You make such a hideous figure and are so dirty that no gentleman would come near you. What, has your horse thrown you? Or what's the matter?

Moderno: The matter! Why, I have been in a ditch.

Indifferentio: By some accident, I suppose?

Moderno: Accident! No, you know better sure than that. Gentlemen of my estate, fortune, education, parts and learning don't use to go into a ditch by accident, but choice. There has been more true experience in natural philosophy gathered out of ditches in this latter century than Pliny and Aristotle were masters of both together, though one was of the first quality in Rome and the other

[1] William Wootton, to whose *Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning* Bentley's *Dissertation* was appended.

was master to the founder of the third Monarchy.*

Indifferentio: But what may have been your diversion in this ditch?

Moderno: Why, I have been a tadpole hunting, and have had very good sport, only at last the rain disturbed it, just as I had found out the seat of their animal spirits.

Indifferentio: Is it not a little too soon in the season for tadpoles?

Moderno: Something too soon; but a man is so satiated with the winter sports within doors, as rat-catching, mouse-flaying, crevice-searching for spiders, cricket dissecting, and the like, that the spring leads us into the fields upon its first approaches.

* "This is what our age has seen; and it is not the less admirable because all of it, perhaps, cannot be made immediately useful to human life. It is an excellent argument to prove that it is not gain alone which biases the pursuits of the men of this Age after Knowledge; for there are numerous instances of learned men, who, finding other parts of natural learning taken up by men who in all probability would leave little for after-comers, have, rather than not contribute their proportion towards the advancement of Knowledge, spent a world of time, pains and cost in examining the excrescences of all the parts of trees, shrubs and herbs; in observing the critical times of the changes of all sorts of caterpillars and maggots; in finding out, by the knife and microscopes, the minutest parts of the smallest animals; examining every crevice and poring in every ditch; in tracing every insect up to its original egg, and all this with as great diligence as if they had had an Alexander to have given them as many talents as he is said to have given to his master, Aristotle."

Wootton's Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning, pp. 313-4.

Indifferentio: Pray, sir, have you not some diversions peculiar to the summer?

Moderno: Oh, yes! Infinite, infinite! Maggots, flies, gnats, buzzes, chaffers, humble bees, wasps, grasshoppers, and in a good year caterpillars in abundance.

Indifferentio: I thought some of these things did harm, especially maggots and caterpillars?

Moderno: How extremely a man may be mistaken that has not learning! The most useful knowledge imaginable may be gathered from them by a philosopher. Goedartius and Swammerdam became eminent for this business. Goedartius has given exact histories of the several changes of great numbers of caterpillars into butterflies and worms, and maggots into flies, which had never before been taken notice of as specially different.

Indifferentio: You inform me of things I was not so well versed in before.

Moderno: A friend of mine has studied all those excrescences and swellings which appear in summer time upon the leaves of tender twigs, fruits, and roots of many trees, shrubs, and herbs, from whence several sorts of insects spring, which are all caused by eggs laid there by full-grown insects of their own kinds. Another friend of mine has made many observations upon insects that live

and are carried about upon the bodies of other insects, and oftentimes upon the bodies of rational beings, whence he has given admirable reasons why idle dirty boys scratch their heads and beggars shrug their shoulders. He has examined, likewise, abundance of those insects which are believed to be produced from the putrefaction of flesh; those he found to grow from eggs laid by other insects of the same kinds. He told me they were a very prolific and voracious sort of animal, and that as for their eggs a butcher would not give a groat for ten millions of them.

Indifferentio: So that it seems the ancients ate their meat as soon as they had killed it, but in after ages the women, not being so good housewives, left the maggots of putrified meat to be discerned by the glasses of their husbands.

Moderno: You seem to smile.

Indifferentio: I protest, sir, I am as grave as the things you discourse of will possibly give me leave. You may imagine I am better bred than to laugh at a man that talks seriously as you do, in my conscience.

Moderno: I am very glad to find you so well disposed. For I think that all these excellent men do highly deserve commendation for these seemingly useless labours, and the more since they run the hazard of being laughed at by men of wit. For nothing wounds so much as

jest, and when men once become ridiculous their labours will be slighted and they will find few imitators. How far this may deaden the industry of the philosophers of the next age is not easy to tell.

Indifferentio: I hope I shall be no occasion of so great a mischief as the deadening the industry of the philosophers in a design so truly noble. But, pray, since you have been so kind to inform me, let me understand something farther concerning the knowledge of the ancients, for I hitherto took them to be men of letters.

Moderno: Scarce that, sir, for I take grammar to be necessary in the first place.

Indifferentio: Certainly, sir.

Moderno: Now I suppose it will be granted that if a stranger understands the language of a native better than the native himself he ought to be preferred to him. Now I dare confidently affirm that the scholars of latter ages, as Sanctius, Scioppius, Caninius and Clenard, have given evident proofs how well they understood the Greek and Latin tongue; besides, there are abundance of grammatical treatises, such as Scholia upon difficult Authors, Glossaries, Onomasticons, Etymologicons, Rudiments of Grammar, and the like. From all which there seems reason to believe that these critics may have understood the grammatical construction of Latin as

well as Varro and Cæsar, and of Greek as well as Aristarchus or Herodian.

Indifferentio: I had always such an honour for Cæsar that I thought he was beyond being compared with Scioppius. But if it is so I shall rest contented.

Moderno: It cannot well be otherwise, seeing there has been extraordinary industry used in these latter ages, insomuch that volumes have been written against some letters, and in favour of H. and Z., that were in difficult circumstances.

Indifferentio: I am glad those letters got the better, for I have always had a particular respect for them.

Moderno: As for Cæsar, poor gentleman, he is not so much to be blamed, for he did what he could, considering the age he lived in. But that age which others think so great for learning and Empire lay under several apparent disadvantages. For I have often read Xenophon, Polybius, Tully, C. Tacitus, to see what rags might have been among the ancients, but I cannot find (though I learn from Terence they had some) what use they put them to. It is demonstration that they made no paper of their linen rags, and Cæsar when he had subdued France and wrote his *Commentaries* could not have printed them if he would have pawned his conquests.

Indifferentio: Were they so unhappy in all other matters?

Moderno: Yes, sir; I really pity the ancients as to their optics, divinity, tobacco, cider, coffee, punch, sugar, and several other things of which they were ignorant.

Indifferentio: As how, sir, I beseech you?

Moderno: It is undoubtedly to be believed that spectacles were not ancienter than Friar Bacon. Insomuch that it must be a great loss to learning when old gentlewomen could not record their receipts to posterity. Besides, it is certain that Monsieur Nuck first found out how the watery humour of the eye may be and is constantly supplied; for he discovered a particular canal of water arising from the internal carotidal artery, which, creeping along the sclerotic coat of the eye, perforates the cornea near the pupil and then branching itself curiously about the iris enters into and supplies the watery humour.

Indifferentio: The most ignorant may apprehend this very easily.

Moderno: To pass by the philological learning of the moderns, I cannot but pity the ancients as to their divinity. They did not make controversies so easy as the moderns, and the fathers, especially St. Chrysostom, seem to have been but indifferent preachers.

Indifferentio: Hold, sir, I beseech you! Do as you please as to other things, but don't

intermeddle with religion. I that am a layman will as soon give you leave to publish Apollonius Tyanæus. But pray, sir, to proceed, let me hear what you have to say as to their tobacco.

Moderno: Certainly, that tobacco ought here to be mentioned, can be questioned by none who know what a delight and refreshment it is to so many nations, so many several ways. So that from Virginia and Brazil we may be assured that the modern husbandry is a larger if not a more exact thing than the ancient. It is strange to think what inconveniences they were put to: Socrates was forced to ride upon a hobby-horse, and Scipio and Lælius to play with bounding stones; because none of them had the happiness to blow a pipe with their neighbours.

Indifferentio: This was extremely hard for men of their quality.

Moderno: It was the fault of their gardens.

Indifferentio: I thought their gardens had been extremely fine, being spacious plots of ground, fitted and surrounded with stately walks of plantains, built round with porticos, finely paved, noble rows of pillars, with fish ponds, aviaries, fountains and statues.

Moderno: This is true. But then where were their auriculas, tulips, carnations, jonquils, narcissus, and that almost infinite

diversity of beautiful and odoriferous flowers that now adorn our gardens? Besides, we have no reason to think they understood much of that beautiful furniture which dwarfs and evergreens afford us.

Indifferentio: Their gardens, then, could never have been pleasant?

Moderno: Impossible, when instead of the sweet-smelling holly, the shady juniper, the beautiful house leek, the most fragrant box-trees in pots, they (like our English ancestors) had nothing but huge walnut, chesnut and warden-pear and pippin trees in their orchards, as high as their garret windows. But to return to tobacco, their want of that spoiled all their wit, judgment and industry; for, consequently, they could have no tobacco-boxes, tobacco-stoppers, or snuff-boxes, all which are the tests and indications of a man's genius. A large tobacco-box shows a man of great and extensive trade and conversation; a small one well japanned shows a gentleman of good humour, that would avoid smoking for the sake of the ladies, and yet, out of complaisance, does it to oblige the persons he converses with. So as to stoppers, if made of the royal oak it shows *loyalty;* Glastonbury thorn, *zeal extraordinary;* a piece of pipe, *humility;* silver, *pride;* black-thorn, *adversity;* and the use of the little finger, if

the pipe be well lighted, *great patience*. Snuff-boxes were likewise wanting to the ancients, so that I cannot imagine how they could well have a beau among them. The largeness of a snuff-box is a great recommendation to a young gentleman. I know a person that got a great fortune by the merit of the spring and joint of his snuff-box; the charms of it were irresistible; I would sooner take my character of a man from the engraving, painting, enamelling of his snuff-box and the choice of his orangery and bergamot, than from his discourse and writings.

Indifferentio: I could not have thought the ancients had been so barbarous.

Moderno: Why then, sir, I must declare freely that I take them to have been the most miserable people in the world. For as for coffee, the most wholesome and pleasant liquor in the world, they had not one drop of it, which was the reason why Cato, one of their wisest men, was so often overtaken with his wine. Indeed, what was an Empress without her tea-table? What conversation could she have? I have known ladies that would not have rivalled Statira in the favour of Alexander if they might not have had their quart of chocolate in a morning. But then it was impossible for the Greeks or Romans to have had any good sea commanders, since they could not have had any *aqua vitæ*, or brandy,

for the Arabs first extracted vinous spirits from fermented liquors.

Indifferentio: But then they had a vast affluence of other delicacies for the use of human life.

Moderno: Truly, but moderate as to them; for, in the first place, they had no cider, at least the method of choosing the best apples, such as Red-streaks, was unknown to them.

Indifferentio: Why, then had I rather have been Under-Sheriff of Herefordshire than have had the universal votes of the Roman Senate to have been Proconsul of Asia!

Moderno: But I will suppose they had several delicious dainties. Yet what did they all signify without sugar, which they did not know how to prepare? Apicius was a man that understood eating after their fashion, but it was coarse and ungenteel. Nothing that could be called a sweet-meat came to his table. Nay, they were so unhappy that when Cleopatra treated Anthony with that which they then reputed to be luxury, she was not able, when he came in hot, to make him a cool tankard; nay, she had not an orange or lemon to her veal; not a good glass of small-beer or oat-ale at the table; no rose-water to her codlings; no Chiney-orange for her dessert, nor orange-flower-water to wash with after dinner.

Indifferentio: These things would put any

person into a passion. I shall endeavour to wait upon you some other time, to learn more of so kind an instructor.

Moderno: I shall be glad to communicate (though it were a large volume of this kind) to the public upon occasion. In the meantime I think I have demonstrated from the ditches, crevices, tadpoles, spiders, divinity, caterpillars, optics, maggots, tobacco, flies, oranges, lemons, cider, coffee and linen rags of the moderns, that THE EXTENT OF KNOWLEDGE IS AT THIS TIME VASTLY GREATER THAN IT WAS IN FORMER AGES.

X

THE DISSERTATOR.

MacFlecknoe, Decker.

Decker: You seem thoughtful, brother Flecknoe.

Flecknoe: Yes, I am thoughtful.

Decker: What may you have been doing?

Flecknoe: Doing? Why, the same as other learned men do, I have been studying a great while, and doing nothing; for to tell you the truth, brother Decker, I have been consider-

ing why the world should think my poems or your works to be dull.

Decker: Why, if I had had the advantage of French dancing masters, Italian eunuchs, and fine scenes, my plays might, for the sense of them, have taken as much as some modern opera's. But,

"Our aged fathers came to plays for wit,
And sat knee-deep in nutshells in the pit.
Coarse hangings then, instead of scenes were worn;
And Kidderminster did the stage adorn."

And then Johnson and the rest of the critics were all my enemies; but I took heart of grace, as well knowing that critics were the scourge and I the top.

"For as a top will spin the more you baste her;
So every lash they gave I wrote the faster."

But what think you of the great critic Bentivoglio?

Flecknoe: Why, I think my epigrams to be as witty as those he has retrieved from his manuscript anthology, only the sense is more obscured by the Greek, and mine lies more open, because they are in my native language; would any one but turn my verses into Greek I would play them against ever a Calli-

machus, Dioscorides, Simonides, or Nossis of them all. I have taken the pains to translate one or two of them that are most admired by Bentivoglio.

Decker: I have been upon the same author, I have read above a hundred pages of him about *the Age of Comedy and Tragedy;* and as we wits are apt to be fired with emulation, so I have made some few notes towards an essay, endeavouring at a dissertation concerning puppet-shows, which remarks I will oblige you with, if you will please communicate one of your epigrams to me.

Flecknoe: You know, brother, I can't deny you anything. Sir, the case was this: Callimachus made an epigram, as it was supposed, upon a shipwreck. The learned Madam Dacier was betrayed into this mistake by the Greek word *Epelthon*, and so was the critic Bentivoglio, till at last, by the sagacity of his parts and the strength of his genius he found out that Callimachus did not write upon a shipwreck but a saltcellar, and that Eudemus must not be supposed to be delivered from storms at sea, but that owing a great many debts he paid them off by living sparingly upon bread and salt, the diet of poor people, and in memory of it he dedicated his saltcellar to the Samothracian gods. The epigram, he says, is very ingenious, and the humour lies in the double meaning and like-

ness of some Greek words, and the whole is a *parodia*. If you please, you shall have a translation as I have made of it.

" Eudemus, eating little salt, set free
From great and dangerous storms of usury,
To Samothracian gods like honest feller,
Preserved by salt, here offers his salt-cellar."

Decker: I suppose Eudemus was a countryman, and therefore you use the word *feller* rather than *fellow* out of choice, and not because the rhyme constrained you to it.

Flecknoe: You take me right.

Decker: Well, if we were not of necessity to commend the wit of the ancients, especially when restored by learned hands, I could have admired one of your epigrams as much as this. Since you have been so obliging I must perform my promise, although I have made but a small sketch concerning puppet-shows.[1]

" It is wonderful to think that we should have so little an account among the ancients of a matter of such moment, no periods of time fixed, no marble extant, nor any manuscripts concerning these little machines which approach human nature in the next degrees to monkeys. I have often reproached the

[1] It must be born in mind that the customs which Flecknoe here describes were everyday occurrences in King's day. It is as though a writer of to-day were discoursing on football matches or the cinema.

negligence of the magistrates upon this occasion, that no memorials should have been kept in their public archives. No, not so much as in the Py-Powder Court[1] at Smithfield. I am sensible that when I print my dissertation I shall detain the reader very long upon this subject, though I hope the pleasure and importance of it will excuse the prolixity.

"When fair Rosamund first appeared as a puppet there was nothing between her and the spectator to hinder or amuse the eyesight. Sandy's waterworks at first had the same simplicity, but the water flowing perpetually gave the spectators great diversion. Afterwards strings were found out by Devaux, and several other scenes were introduced, the French Court was represented, sarabands were danced, and Punch appeared with quick and lively motion in his eyes, activity in his gesture, and vivacity of wit in his expressions. Devaux increased the stature of the puppets to almost the bigness of children. But that was after he had represented that admirable design of Love in a Pipkin. Though I must confess that after this the Dutch fight was represented and several men of war were sunk with their admiral in an open cistern. Afterwards, as the luxury of the age increased, they brought artificial butter-

[1] See note, page 249.

flies upon the stage, and serpents issued from Punch's eyes, to the amazement of the spectators. Then Sedgmore came to the public view; guns in miniature managed the attack, and bells of the bigness of those at horses' ears proclaimed the triumph. Thus they ran on to excess, and consequently to poverty and licentiousness, till at last the operator was forced to snow brown paper instead of white, and Merry Andrew, who managed the mob without doors, was sent to Bride-Well for making free with his betters."

All this I design to illustrate with infinite scraps of lost authors and innumerable quotations.

Flecknoe: The design is most admirable. When you publish I will be ready with a copy of encomiastics. In the meantime let me repeat you another epigram.

Decker: You know at all times how to be agreeable.

Flecknoe: There was one Nossis a poetress, little known in the world, who might have lain still in obscurity if Bentivoglio had not discovered her. He found out that she was a Locrian, that she lived about the hundred and fourth Olympiad, her mother's name was Theuphilis, and Cleocha was her grandmother.

Decker: Great discoveries of a greater family!

Flecknoe: Nay farther, she had a daughter called Melinna, or she might not have a daughter so called, as a manuscript epigram seems to show, for it's possible she may mean there another's daughter and not her own. This epigram Bentivoglio commends for its singular elegancy. I have endeavoured that it may not lose any spirit by my version.

"Melinna's self! How charming is the face,
How soft the look, how tender every grace;
The daughter's features do the mother's strike,
How fine for parents to have children like!"

Decker: Why, this is the common flattery of the midwife at every gossiping.

Flecknoe: Besides, the epigram contradicts the known proverb that boys should be like the mother and girls their fathers, if born to good fortune. Indignation hereupon flung my muse into this sarcastic epigram.

"Melinna is so like her mother, may be
It may forbode no kindness to the baby.
Boys should be like the mother, girls should rather
(If they would fortune have) be like their father."

Decker: Since you have obliged me so much, brother Flecknoe, I cannot but communicate to you another essay of mine concerning strollers.

"Greece is happy that it can settle the time when a stage was fixed by Eschylus, and Thespis's cart became to be disused. But it is not so with the Britains; for indeed their stage has never been so managed but that strollers or ambulatory representations have had great share in their interludes. The Wassail has been as ancient as the Saxons; it is a lyric poem, composed in honour of the good-man and dame of the family. Sometimes it entered into affairs of State, and sung of King Henry and the miller, the amours of King Edward and Jane Shore, together with her misfortunes; sometimes it spake of heroic actions, as Chevy-Chase, and the London Prentice. It generally concluded with the praise of hospitality and good housekeeping, and presenting one bowl of liquor in hopes of having it replenished with another.

"It was sung by one voice, sometimes relieved by a second, and oftentimes persons of less skill were able so to join as to fill up the chorus. The ode began at the vestibule or porch of each considerable farmer in the parish, and the epilogue was generally performed with minced-pies and roast beef in the

hall of the same mansion. Afterwards, when the parish clerks of London had for a great while together acted several interludes, the clerks and sextons of the villages thought themselves not to be outdone in ingenuity, and therefore revived that diversion of Mumming, the original of which is obscure, at least must be searched for in Germany, where it continues in perfection. These appeared with masks and unusual habits, lest otherwise the meanness of their persons might take away from the character of those they represented. The actors seldom more than three; they generally went first to the lord of the manor, their place of action in the parlour, and their reward usually enlarged with plumb-porridge and cold pudding.

"Another sort of interlude is the acting of proverbs; its antiquity is obscure, it is an extempore drama, the number of its actors uncertain; they generally consist of the children, servants, and tenants of a family, and their reward good cheer in general. There are very few of these, if any of the two latter, committed to writing. The two former seemed to have a stated time, as Christmas, for their performance, the latter to have been occasioned as wit and good humour offered.

"The Whitsun ale seems to have been of the next age to the Wassail. The lord and

lady, their hall, their hospitality of cakes and ale, their son, their pages, their organs, added extremely to the grandeur of their performance. Their place of action generally some barn or out-house, for the convenience of reception, not but that the whole company go round to the neighbouring gentry, where the action, besides Moris-dancing, seems to be *mono-prosope*, the whole lies upon my lord's son, who raises mirth by proverbs, riddles, comic and satirical expressions, not without the applause of his parents and their pages. The reward is generally cool ale, with borage and sugar, gammon of bacon, and new cheese-cakes.

" But to come to the more perfect art of the stage. Our ancestors, knowing what they were wanting in, generally contrived their drama so as to have least need of decoration; of this sort is *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, where the whole *Epitrope*, or turn of affairs, depending upon Hodge's being pricked with the needle in his leather breeches, saves the trouble of costly scenes and machines; *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*, though of later date, yet had the same advantage, and consequently both were acted in any place as there was occasion. *Crispin and Crispianus* cost some more trouble; the Princess could ever borrow their tools from any journeyman shoemaker, but then the robes and decorations of the

queens and nobles were forced to be carried up and down in knapsacks.

"Notwithstanding the stage had been settled for many years, yet the art of strolling did, and will, still continue. Nor has Shakespeare thought it unfit to introduce it as a beauty in his play of *Hamlet*. Nay, in these later times the Newmarket Company has diverted corporation after corporation, and for the use of the Town Hall placed the Mayor, his lady and officials in the side boxes for nothing. Bateman has not disdained to go from Smithfield to Southwark, and often down to Stourbridge. Nay, greater persons have from the glories of the theatre retired into the country, where the Kings of Brentford have been forced in the rehearsal to come in the common way for want of clouds to come down withal; and the famous Othello, together with his father Brabantio in a calico nightgown, have pleaded their cause before a Venetian Senate, assembled in a place little bigger than a parlour chimney.

"I have shown you my draught which I design to illustrate with the chronology of each play, and an account of such interludes as have been acted upon the stages of Mountebanks which had infallibly been lost if they had not been collected into one volume by the industrious Mr. Kirkman, about the middle of this last century."

Decker: Very natural, I protest. You will oblige the world extremely with these works.

Flecknoe: Well, brother Decker, let us remain in hopes; who knows what time may do as to the retrieving or gaining a reputation. You have used hard words, and they may stir up the spirit of some person in times to come to write a scholiast upon you as well as Aristophanes, and that may be a rival to the laborious Tzetzes. Who knows but I may have the fate of Nossis; and some library keeper among his dust finding me out of print, may oblige the world with a new edition of my works, and discover that wit and elegancy which was denied me by my cotemporaries.

FINIS.

FOREWORD TO JOHN BULL.

In the year 1700 died Charles II., sovereign of Spain, Naples and Sicily, Milan, the Netherlands and the Indies; childless, infirm, and old before he was forty. This event precipitated a European war.

For some time past the diplomats of Europe had been busy making treaties, the aim of which was to prevent the domination of either of the two great royal families which could claim the succession to his vast Empire—the Bourbons or the Viennese Hapsburgs. Louis XIV. of France was a grandson of Philip III. of Spain, through his mother, Anne of Austria, and had married Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV., thus giving a double line of descent to the Dauphin and his sons; but both princesses had renounced their claims at marriage. The Emperor Leopold was also a grandson of Philip III., but his mother had made no renunciation, thus giving him a good title to the inheritance. A third candidate at one time was the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, a great-grandson of Philip IV., in whose case also there had been a renunciation, but one, it was claimed, never ratified by the Spanish

Cortes. This last claimant, as the weakest, was the one favoured by England and Holland, and the consent of France and Austria was obtained by the promise of minor shares in the disputed estate. This arrangement was embodied in the first Partition Treaty (1698). In Spain, meanwhile, the chief aim was to keep the Empire intact and with this purpose Charles II. bequeathed his crown to the Prince of Bavaria, as his nearest heir and as the most likely to be allowed to enjoy the inheritance.

Unfortunately, in 1699 the Bavarian died.

Thereupon England, Holland and France concluded the second Partition Treaty, assigning the bulk of the Spanish dominions to the Archduke Charles, Leopold's second son, with a proviso that the Spanish and the Austrian crowns should never be united. Naples and Sicily, Milan and Guipuzcoa were assigned to the Dauphin.

The Spaniards, on getting wind of this scheme, were far from satisfied. Charles, now *in articulo*, was persuaded by Cardinal Porto-Carrero, aided and abetted by Harcourt, the French Ambassador, to bequeath the crown to Philip of Anjou, the Dauphin's second son. Having thrown down which apple of discord, Charles died (1st November, 1700).

Louis repudiated the Partition Treaty and

accepted the throne for his grandson, making it clear, moreover, that France and Spain were henceforward to be one—" The Pyrenees are no more." The famous war of the Spanish Succession followed, Holland, Denmark, Portugal, Prussia, Hanover, and most of the German States, with Austria and England, opposing France, Spain and Bavaria. William died before it was fairly begun (1702) and the control of diplomatic as well as military affairs passed into the supremely capable hands of Marlborough.

Marlborough was a Tory and at first sought, in alliance with the able, thrifty and unpretentious Godolphin, to rely on a coalition of the moderates of both parties. The war at first was popular enough in England, for Louis' ambition, against which William, primarily on behalf of Holland, had all his life been contending, was now more menacing than ever, and even those who would not have recognised an enemy as dangerous to their own security while he was a single house away, were irritated by his recognition of Prince James Edward as King of England on his father's death (1701). But when the victories of Blenheim and Ramillies had broken Louis' pride, the Tories tired of the war; and Marlborough, to secure the complete victory which he thought essential, had to rely more and more on the Whigs.

Harley and his friends had to go out, Somers, the Whig leader, and his had to come in. Only Godolphin and Marlborough retained power throughout.

Meanwhile the chief measure at home was the Act of Union, which was passed in 1708 after much manœuvring and pamphleteering, particular jealousy being shown on both sides for the maintenance of established religions, the Episcopal Church on the one hand, the Presbyterian on the other. This is dealt with in the second part of "John Bull."

For barely two years did the Whigs maintain their eminence.

In 1709, Marlborough's victory at Malplaquet was bloody and unfruitful. In Spain the tide had turned against the Allies. At home the Duchess of Marlborough, on whose personal ascendency over Queen Anne much depended, was losing ground to her cousin (and, what was more important, Harley's cousin) Mrs. Masham. In 1710 the unsuccessful prosecution of the High Church preacher, Henry Sacheverell, destroyed Godolphin's credit, and Anne felt strong enough to dismiss both him and the Duchess of Marlborough. Harley came back into office and, after the rejection of his overtures by the more important Whigs, formed a purely Tory Ministry.

The Tories, who had the powerful support

of Swift and his circle, at once set to work to negotiate for peace. In 1711 the Archduke Charles, *soi-disant* Charles III. of Spain, became Emperor, thus making himself as ineligible a claimant to the throne of Spain, in British eyes, as Philip of Bourbon. In vain Marlborough, who had retained his post on the continent, opposed the Government's policy, his Whig friends even attempting an alliance with Nottingham, whose support was bought by the passage of his pet Bill against Occasional Conformity. In 1712 he was removed (and subsequently charged with peculation) and succeeded by the Duke of Ormond. In 1713 was concluded, mainly under the direction of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, now Secretary of State, the Treaty of Utrecht, by which the Emperor took the Spanish Netherlands and the Italian territories, the Duke of Savoy Sicily, and Philip was left in possession of Spain and the Indies. Britain acquired Nova Scotia and Newfoundland from France, and Gibraltar and Minorca and also certain trading rights from Spain. Even before the Treaty was concluded the British had agreed to a separate suspension of hostilities, being granted Dunkirk as a pledge of good faith. Thither accordingly Ormond and his army, not without reluctance, marched, leaving Prince Eugene of Savoy, Marlborough's

friend and fellow conqueror at Blenheim, to be beaten at Denain.

Of all these things "John Bull" is a parable, the pamphlets that compose it having been written as Government propaganda during the year of the peace negotiations. A witty and lively story, full of incidental jests, humorous characterisation and entertaining dialogue, it is also a true, though one-sided, and minute record of an important period in political history, and told by one or more of a group of men who were not only behind the scenes but producers of the drama.

Swift and his friends, it should be remembered, were more than journalists used by Government. They were almost members of it, meeting Ministers on equal terms and exercising much direct influence and patronage. Arbuthnot in particular, was in daily and intimate association with Queen Anne. Not even the newspaper proprietor of to-day holds a position comparable to theirs.

There is no need to explain in detail the parabolic meaning of the piece. The main lines of it are so clear as to be almost self-evident. Granted a knowledge of the *dramatis personæ* the rest is plain sailing. A more intimate acquaintance with the people and events of the reign of Queen Anne will reveal subtleties unsuspected by the less

knowing reader, and some of the personages cannot be identified with precision, but their general type cannot be doubted. The law-suit of course is the war to decide the succession to the Spanish crown and the distribution of the Spanish dominions, and "War" generally is spoken of as "Law." The agreement between John and his sister Peg is the Act of Union; the Hanging of Jack, the Occasional Conformity Bill. The rest of the key is supplied by the following list of personages. It is impossible to be absolutely sure of identification of all the minor characters, but the caps will, I think, be found to fit.

K. N. C.

John Bull:	England.
Mrs. Bull I.:	The Whig Government, obiit (at General Election) 1710.
Mrs. Bull II.:	The Tory (or Country Party) Government.
John's Sister Peg:	Scotland.
John's Mother:	The Church of England.
Lord Strutt:	Philip IV. of Spain ***alias*** Philip d'Anjou, 2nd Son of the Dauphin.
The Late Lord Strutt:	Charles II. of Spain.
Esquire South:	The Archduke Charles of Austria, ***alias*** Charles III. of Spain, ***alias*** the Emperor Charles VI., 2nd Son of the Emperor Leopold.
Nic. Frog:	Holland.
Lewis Baboon:	Louis XIV. of France (de Bourbon).
Hocus:	John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.
His Wife:	Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.
Sir Roger Bold:	Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.
Don Diego [1712 ed. *Dismallo*]:	Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham.[1]
Signior Benenato:	Prince Eugene of Savoy.
Peter:	The Church of Rome.
Martin:	The Lutheran Church.
Jack:	The Calvinists.
Signiora Bubonia:	The Pope.
Esquire Hackums:	Kings of Poland.
Timothy Trim:	The Low Church Party.
Habakkuk Slyboots:	John, Lord Somers.

[1] "In his habit and manners very formal; a tall, thin, very black man, like a Spaniard. . . ." (Macky's *Memoirs*). On which Swift commented, "He fell in with the Whigs; was an endless talker."

John's Nephew: The Elector of Hanover.

Ned the Chimney Sweep: The Duke of Savoy.

Tom the Dustman: The King of Portugal.

2nd Guardian: Two Lords, who in 1711 (with Marlborough) opposed any peace that left a Bourbon on the Spanish throne; perhaps — The Duke of Somerset

3rd Guardian: — The Earl of Nottingham (*alias* Don Diego).

Betty the Cookmaid: Office holders in the Whig Administration; perhaps — The Duchess of Somerset (Groom of the Stole).

Dick the Butler: — Robert Walpole (Secretary at War).

John the Barber: — John, Lord Somers (President of the Council).

Hob the Shoemaker: — Charles Montague, Lord Halifax.

Pricket the Tailor: — William, Earl Cowper (Lord Chancellor).

Andrew: The Duke of Queensberry (Secretary of State for Scotland).

Harry: Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.

A Friend: The Earl of Nottingham.
[1712 ed. specifies *Don Diego Dismallo*]

Mother Jenisa: Mrs. Jennings, mother of the Duchess of Marlborough.

Clum, with his bloody knife: "Cromwell, perhaps" (Scott).

Ecclesdown Castle: Dunkirk (Ecclesia=Kirk).

The Manor of Bullock's Hatch: The National Revenue mortgaged as security for the National Debt (Swift inveighs against the Funding system in his *History of the Last Four Years of Queen Anne, Book III.*)

Law is a Bottomleſs Pit.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL

Publiſh'd from a Manuſcript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir *H. Polefworth*, in the Year 1712.

THE PREFACE.

When I was first called to the office of historiographer to John Bull, he expressed himself to this purpose: "Sir Humphry Polesworth,* I know you are a plain dealer; it is for that reason I have chosen you for this important trust; speak the truth, and spare not." That I might fulfil those his honourable intentions, I obtained leave to repair to and attend him in his most secret retirements; and I put the journals of all transactions into a strong box, to be opened at a fitting occasion, after the manner of the historiographers of some eastern monarchs. This I thought was the safest way, though I declare I was never afraid to be chop'd§ by my master for telling of truth. It is from those journals that my memoirs are compiled, therefore let not posterity, a thousand years hence, look for truth in the voluminous annals of pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the secret springs of great actions; if they do, let me tell them they will be nebus'd.†

* A Member of Parliament eminent for a certain cant in his conversation, of which there is a good deal in this book.

§ A cant word of Sir Humphry's.

† Another cant word signifying deceived.

With incredible pains have I endeavoured to copy the several beauties of the ancient and modern historians: the impartial temper of Herodotus, the gravity, austerity, and strict morals of Thucydides, the extensive knowledge of Xenophon, the sublimity and grandeur of Titus Livius, and to avoid the careless style of Polybius. I have borrowed considerable ornaments from Dionysius Halicarnasseus and Diodorus Siculus. The specious gilding of Tacitus I have endeavoured to shun. Mariana, Davila, and Fra. Paulo are those amongst the moderns whom I thought most worthy of imitation; but I cannot be so disingenious as not to own the infinite obligations I have to the *Pilgrim's Progress* of John Bunyan and the *Tenter Belly* of the Reverend Joseph Hall.

From such encouragement and helps it is easy to guess to what a degree of perfection I might have brought this great work, had it not been nipped in the bud by some illiterate people in both Houses of Parliament, who envying the great figure I was to make in future ages, under pretence of raising money for the War* have padlocked all those very pens that were to celebrate the actions of their heroes, by silencing at once the whole university of *Grub Street*. I am persuaded that nothing but the prospect of an approach-

* Act restraining the liberty of the Press, etc.

ing Peace could have encouraged them to make so bold a step. But suffer me, in the name of the rest of the matriculates of that famous university, to ask them some plain questions: Do they think that Peace will bring along with it the Golden Age? Will there be never a dying speech of a traitor? Are Cethegus and Catiline turned so tame that there will be no opportunity to cry about the streets "*A Dangerous Plot?*" Will peace bring such plenty that no gentleman will have occasion to go upon the highway or break into a house? I am sorry that the world should be so much imposed upon by the dreams of a false prophet as to imagine the millennium is at hand. O Grub Street; thou fruitful nursery of towering genius! How do I lament thy downfall! Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English liberty. No modern Lycæum will ever equal thy glory; whether in soft pastorals thou didst sing the flames of pampered apprentices and coy cook-maids, or mournful ditties of departing lovers; or if to Mæonian strains thou raised thy voice, to record the stratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal scalade of needy heroes, the terror of your peaceful citizens, describing the powerful Betty[1] or the artful Picklock, or the secret caverns and grottoes of Vulcan, sweating at his forge and

[1] [Thieves' slang for a short iron lever or "jemmy."]

stamping the Queen's image on viler metals, which he retails for beef and pots of ale. Or if thou wert content in simple narrative to relate the cruel acts of implacable revenge, or the complaints of ravished virgins, blushing to tell their adventure before the listening crowd of city damsels; whilst in thy faithful history thou interminglest the gravest counsels and the purest morals. Nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy search and pompous description of the works of nature; whether in proper and emphatic terms thou didst paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the stupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian sagacity, thou unravellest intrigues of State and the traitorous conspiracies of rebels, giving wise counsel to monarchs. How didst thou move our terror and our pity with thy passionate scenes between Jack-catch and the heroes of the Old Bailey! How didst thou describe their intrepid march up Holborn Hill! Nor didst thou shine less in thy theological capacity when thou gavest ghostly counsel to dying felons, and didst record the guilty pangs of Sabbath breakers. How will the noble arts of John Overton's* painting and sculpture now languish, where rich invention, proper expression, correct design,

* The engraver of the cuts before the Grub Street papers.

divine attitudes and artful contrast heightened with the beauties of *Clar-Obscur* embellished thy celebrated pieces, to the delight and astonishment of the judicious multitude! Adieu persuasive eloquence! The quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet and the lively simile are fled for ever! Instead of these we shall have I know not what! "The illiterate will tell the rest with pleasure!" †

I hope the reader will excuse this digression, due by way of condolence to my worthy brethren of Grub Street for the approaching barbarity that is likely to overspread all its regions by this oppressive and exorbitant tax. It has been my good fortune to receive my education there; and so long as I preserved some figure and rank amongst the learned of that society, I scorned to take my degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I was offered it *gratis* by the professors in those universities.

And now, that posterity may not be ignorant in what age so excellent a history was written (which would otherwise, no doubt, be the subject of its enquiries) I think it proper to inform the learned of future times that it was compiled when Louis the XIV. was King of France, and Philip, his grandson, of Spain, when England and Holland, in conjunction

† *Vid.* The Bishop of St. Asaph's Preface.

with the Emperor and the Allies, entered into a war against these two princes which lasted ten years, under the management of the Duke of Marlborough, and was put to a conclusion by the treaty of Utrecht, under the ministry of the Earl of Oxford, in the year 1713.

Many at that time did imagine the History of John Bull and the personages mentioned in it to be allegorical, which the author would never own. Notwithstanding, to indulge the reader's fancy and curiosity I have printed at the bottom of the page the supposed allusions of the most obscure parts of the story.

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THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

CHAPTER I.

The Occasion of the Law Suit.

I need not tell you of the great quarrels that have happened in our neighbourhood since the death of the late Lord Strutt;† how the Parson,* and a cunning Attorney,[1] got him to settle his estate upon his cousin Philip Baboon.[2] to the great disappointment of his cousin Esquire South.[3] Some stick not to say that the Parson and the Attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons. Let that be as it will, it is matter of fact that the honour and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know that the Lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, etc., all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great

† Late K. of S[pain].
* Card. P[orto]c[arer]o.
[1] [Harcourt, the French Ambassador.]
[2] [Philip of Bourbon.]
[3] [Archduke Charles of Austria.]

encumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors. It is credibly reported that the butchers' and bakers' bills of a Lord Strutt that lived two hundred years ago are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the Lord Strutt's estate his tradesmen,* as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom. The two chief were John Bull† the clothier and Nic. Frog‡ the liner draper. They told him that the Bulls and Frogs had served the Lord Strutts with drapery ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their bills had never been questioned; that the Lord Strutts lived generously and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink and counters; that his lordship might depend upon their Honesty; that they would use him as kindly as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part, and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predecessors.

* The first letters of congratulation from K. W[illiam] and the States of H[ollan]d, upon K. P[hilip]'s accession to the Crown of S[pain].

† The English.

‡ The Dutch.

CHAPTER II.

How Bull and Frog grew jealous that the Lord Strutt[1] *intended to give all his custom** *to his grandfather, Lewis Baboon.*[2]

It happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood that this young lord had an old cunning rogue (or, as the Scots call it, a *false loon*) of a grandfather, that one might justly call a "Jack of all Trades." Sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broad-cloth, sometimes measuring linen, next day he would be dealing in mercery ware; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans and lace he understood to a nicety; Charles Mather[3] could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoe-buckles. When shop was shut up he would go about the neighbourhood and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander

* The character and trade of the French Nation. The King's disposition to war.

[1] [*i.e.*, the new King of Spain, Philip III. of Bourbon.]

[2] [Louis XIV.]

[3] [A well-known toy or trinket merchant. See *Spectator*, No. 570.]

away at back-swords, quarter-staff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. "It is not impossible (says Frog to Bull) but this old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands; besides, the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as anybody. In that case I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families, we must starve or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon; therefore, neighbour, I hold it advisable that we write to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter."

CHAPTER III.

A copy of Bull and Frog's letter to Lord Strutt.

My Lord,

I suppose your lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery ware time out of mind. And whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire, old Lewis Baboon; this is to inform your lordship

that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship that you must find sufficient security to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon, or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of £20,000 for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

John Bull.
Nic. Frog.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord; but John naturally loved rough play.

It is impossible to express the surprise of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not flush in ready, either to go to law or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail. He offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation, and promised upon his word of honour that he would not change his drapers; but all to no purpose, for Bull

and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

CHAPTER IV.

How Bull and Frog went to law with Lord Strutt about the premises, and were joined by the rest of the tradesmen.

All endeavours of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain: jealousies increased, and indeed it was rumoured abroad that Lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's ears, when John Bull came home he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull you must know was very apt to be choleric.

"You sot," says she, "you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins or puppet shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it, up

man, rouse thyself; I'll sell to my shift before I'll be so used by that knave.''*

You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to counsel learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their law-suit.

I told you before that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of a " Jack of all Trades," which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned the chimney-sweep of Savoy and Tom the Portugal dustman put in their claims, and the cause was put into the hands of Humphrey Hocus[1] the Attorney.

A declaration was drawn up to show " that Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods that were not marketable without

* The sentiments and addresses of the P[arliamen]t at that time.

[1] [The Duke of Marlborough.]

the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling and cudgel play ''; and abundance more to this purpose.

CHAPTER V.

*The true characters of John Bull, Nic. Frog and Hocus.**

For the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very inconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at back-sword, single falchion, or cudgel play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. If you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well, but no man alive was more

* Characters of the E[ngli]sh and D[utc]h, and the G[enera]l, D[uke] of M[arlborough].

careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for to say truth no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them had it not been for his unhappy law-suit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning, sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pine his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists and *leger de main;* no man exceeded Nic. in these, yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way had acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old, cunning Attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession. He kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper. He was not worse than an infidel; for he provided plentifully for his family, but he loved himself better than them all. The neighbours

reported that he was hen-pecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife[1] was.

CHAPTER VI.

*Of the various success of the Law Suit.**

Law is a bottomless pit, it is a cormorant, a harpy, that devours everything. John Bull was flattered by his lawyers that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business. Yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law and all the courts. No skill, no address, was wanting; and to say truth, John did not starve the cause; there wanted not yellow-boys to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries. Lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favour; and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination; but alas! that final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it the further it went from him. New trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new

[1] [Duchess Sarah.]

* The success of the war.

matters to be cleared; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyer's pockets. Then John began to borrow money upon bank stock and East India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot.

At last it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title, to prove the will forged and dispossess Philip Lord Strutt at once.[1] Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of Lord Strutt's servants he tore off their clothes; now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shift, though he had as many as any other. His children were reduced from rich silks to Doily[2] stuffs, his servants in rags and barefooted; instead of good victuals they now lived upon neck beef and bullock's liver. In short, nobody got much by the matter but the Men of Law.

[1] [A reference to the invasion of Spain and proclamation of Charles III. (1703).]

[2] [A draper who invented a cheap material, named after him. See *Spectator*, Nos. 283, 319.]

CHAPTER VII.

How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his success that he was going to leave off his trade and turn lawyer.

It is widely observed by a great philosopher that habit is a second nature. This was verified in the case of John Bull, who from an honest and plain tradesman had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law words that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the Bar or sat on the Bench. He was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner:

"How capriciously does Fate or Chance dispose of mankind! How seldom is that business allotted to a man for which he is fitted by nature! It is plain I was intended for a Man of Law. How did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me like a mean slave behind a counter! Bless me! What immense estates these fellows raise by the law! Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure it is to be victorious in a cause! To swagger at the Bar! What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen

trade! For a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will be; one is never too old to learn.''*

All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words as were enough to conjure up the devil; these he used to babble indifferently in all companies, especially at coffee-houses; so that his neighbour tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs of Blackwell Hall,[1] and price of broad-cloth, wool, and baizes, he talked of nothing but *actions upon the case*, *returns*, *capias*, *alias capias*, *demurrers*, *venire facias*, *replevins*, *supersedeas's*, *certiorari's*, *writs of error*, *actions of trover and conversion*, *trespasses*, *precipes and dedimus*. This was matter of jest to the learned in law; however, Hocus and the rest of the tribe encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him that he had a great genius for law, that they questioned not but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him of all his charges; that if he studied he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a Lord Chief Justice. As for the advice of honest friends and neighbours, John despised it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor grovelling mechanics; John reckoned it more honour to have got one

* The manners and sentiments of the Nation at that time.

[1] [A wool market in Basinghall Street.]

favourable verdict than to have sold a bale of broad cloth.

As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth he was more prudent; for though he followed his law suit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

CHAPTER VIII.

How John discovered that Hocus had an intrigue with his wife, and what followed thereupon.*

John had not run on a-madding so long had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom Hocus, perceiving John to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying that the last man of the parish that knows of his cuckoldom is himself. It was observed by all the neighbourhood that Hocus had dealings with John's wife that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceived by John a little too late. She was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats and balls, differing very much

* The opinion at that time of the G[enera]l's tampering with the P[arliamen]t. [The Whigs were then in the majority.]

from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife.

Hocus fed her extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with John's own money. Everybody said that Hocus had a month's mind to her body; be that as it will, it is matter of fact upon all occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of Hocus. When John used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor: one that had taken so much pains in his law-suit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old Lewis Baboon. A good swinging sum of John's readiest cash went towards building of Hocus's country house.[1]

This affair between Hocus and Mrs. Bull was now so open that all the world were scandalized at it. John was not so clod-pated but at last he took the hint. The parson* of the parish preaching one day with more zeal than sense against adultery, Mrs. Bull told her husband that he was a very uncivil fellow to use such coarse language before people of condition, that Hocus was of the same mind, and that they would join to have him turned out of his living for using personal reflections.

[1] [Blenheim.]

* The story of Dr. Sacheverel, and the resentment of the H[ouse] of C[ommon]s.

"How do you mean," says John, "by personal reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you."

"No, thank God, my reputation is too well established in the world to receive any hurt from such a foul-mouthed scoundrel as he; his doctrine tends only to make husbands tyrants and wives slaves; must we be shut up and husbands left to their liberty? Very pretty indeed; a wife must never go abroad with a Platonic to see a play or a ball; she must never stir without her husband nor walk in Spring Garden with a cousin! I do say, husband, and I will stand by it, that without the innocent freedoms of life, matrimony would be a most intolerable state; and that a wife's virtue ought to be the result of her own reason and not of her husband's government. For my part, I would scorn a husband that would be jealous if he saw a fellow a-bed with me."

All this while John's blood boiled in his veins; he was now confirmed in all his suspicions; jade, bitch and whore were the best words that John gave her. Things went from better to worse, till Mrs. Bull aimed a knife at John, though John threw a bottle at her head very brutally indeed. And after this there was nothing but confusion; bottles, glasses, spoons, plates, knives, forks, and dishes flew about like dust; the result of which

was *that Mrs. Bull received a bruise in her right side[1] (of which she died half a year after); the bruise imposthumated and afterwards turned to a stinking ulcer, which made everybody shy to come near her. Yet she wanted not the help of many able physicians, who attended very diligently and did what men of skill could do; but all to no purpose, for her condition was now quite desperate, all regular physicians and her nearest relations having given her over.

CHAPTER IX.

How some Quacks undertook to cure Mrs. Bull of her Ulcer.†

There is nothing so impossible in nature but Mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm. Mrs. Bull's condition was looked upon as desperate by all the men of art; but there were those that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaster, which, being applied to the sore,

* The opinion of the Tories about that H[ouse] of C[ommon]s.

[1] [The Government side of the House, the Speaker's right.]

† Endeavours and Hopes of some people to hinder the dissolution of that P[arliamen]t.

would cure it in a few days; at the same time they would give her a pill that would purge off all her bad humours, sweeten her blood, and rectify her disturbed imagination.

In spite of all applications the patient grew worse; every day she stank so nobody durst come within a stone's throw of her, except those quacks[1] who attended her close and apprehended no danger. If one asked them how Mrs. Bull did: "Better and better," said they; "the parts heal, and her constitution mends; if she submits to our government she will be abroad in a little time." Nay, it is reported that they wrote to her friends in the country that she should dance a jig next October in Westminster Hall, and that her illness had been chiefly owing to bad physicians.

At last one of them was sent for in great haste, his patient growing worse and worse. When he came he affirmed that it was a gross mistake and that she was never in a fairer way.

"Bring hither the salve," says he, "and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial."

As he was applying his ointments and administering the cordial the patient gave up the ghost, to the great confusion of the quack and the great joy of Bull and his friends.

[1] [1712 ed. here specifies Signior Cavallo, *i.e.*, the Duke of Somerset, Master of the Horse, and his wife.]

The quack flung away out of the house in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure his medicines were infallible.

Mrs. Bull having died without any signs of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her Christian burial. The relations had once resolved to sue John for the murder, but considering better of it and that such a trial would rip up old sores and discover things not so much to the reputation of the deceased, they dropped their design. She left no will, only there was found in her strong box the following words wrote on a scrip of paper : *My curse on John Bull and all my posterity, if ever they come to any composition with the Lord Strutt.*

She left him three daughters, whose names were Polemia, Discordia and Usuria.*

CHAPTER X.

Of John Bull's Second Wife, and the good Advice that she gave him.†

John quickly got the better of his grief; and seeing that neither his constitution [n]or

* War, faction and usury.

† A new P[arliamen]t, the aversion of a Tory H[ouse] of C[ommon]s to war.

the affairs of his family could permit him to live in an unmarried state, he resolved to get him another wife. A cousin of his last wife was proposed, but John would have no more of the breed. In short, he wedded a sober country gentlewoman of a good family and a plentiful fortune, the reverse of the other in her temper. Not but that she loved money, for she was saving and applied her fortune to pay John's clamorous debts that the unfrugal methods of his last wife and this ruinous law suit had brought him into. One day, as she had got her husband in good humour, she talked to him after the following manner:

"My dear, since I have been your wife I have observed great abuses and disorders in your family; your servants are mutinous and quarrelsome, and cheat you most abominably; your cook-maid is in a combination with your butcher, poulterer and fishmonger; your butler purloins your liquor, and your brewer sells you hogwash; your baker cheats both in weight and in tale; even your milkwoman and your nursery-maid have a fellow-feeling; your tailor, instead of shreds, cabbages whole yards of cloth; besides, leaving such long scores, and not going to market with ready money, forces us to take bad ware of the tradesmen at their own price. You have not posted your books these ten years; how is it possible for a man of business to keep his

affairs even in the world at this rate? Pray God this Hocus be honest; would to God you would look over his bills and see how matters stand between Frog and you; prodigious sums are spent in this law-suit, and more must be borrowed of Scriveners and Usurers at heavy interest. Besides, my dear, let me beg of you to lay aside that wild project of leaving your business to turn lawyer, for which, let me tell you, nature never designed you. Believe me, these rogues do but flatter, that they may pick your pocket; observe what a parcel of hungry, ragged fellows live by your cause, to be sure they will never make an end on't; I foresee this haunt you have got about the courts will one day or another bring your family to beggary. Consider, my dear, how indecent it is to abandon your shop and follow pettifoggers; the habit is so strong upon you that there is hardly a plea between two country squires about a barren acre upon a common but you draw yourself in as bail, surety or solicitor."

John heard her all this while with patience, until she pricked his maggot and touched him in the tender point; then he broke out into a violent passion:

"What, I not fit for a lawyer! Let me tell you my clodpated relations spoiled the greatest genius in the world when they bred me a mechanic. Lord Strutt and his old

rogue of a grandsire have found to their cost that I can manage a law-suit as well as another."

"I don't deny what you say," replied Mrs. Bull, "nor do I call in question your parts, but I say it does not suit with your circumstances; you and your predecessors have lived in good reputation among your neighbours by this same clothing trade, and it were madness to leave it off. Besides, there are few that know all the tricks and cheats of these lawyers; does not your own experience teach you how they have drawn you on from one term to another, and how you have danced the round of all the courts, still flattering you with a final issue, and, for aught I can see, your cause is not a bit clearer than it was seven years ago."

"I will be damned," says John, "if I accept of any composition from Strutt or his grandfather; I'll rather wheel about the streets an engine to grind knives and scissors; however, I'll take your advice, and look over my accounts.

CHAPTER XI.

*How John looked over his Attorney's Bill.**

When John first brought out the bills, the surprise of all the family was unexpressible at the prodigious dimensions of them; they would have measured with the best bale of cloth in John's shop. Fees to judges, puny judges, clerks, prothonotaries, philizers, chirographers, under-clerks, proclamators, counsel, witnesses, jurymen, marshals, tipstaffs, criers, porters; for enrollings, exemplifications, bails, vouchers, returns, *caveats*, examinations, filings of words, entries, declarations, replications, *recordats*, *Nolle Prosequi's*, *Certiorari's*, *Mittimus's*, demurrers, special verdicts, informations, *Scire Facias*, *Supersedeas*, *Habeas Corpus*, coach-hire, treating of witnesses, etc. "Verily," says John, "there are a prodigious number of learned words in this law, what a pretty science it is!"

"Ah, but husband, you have paid for every syllable and letter of these fine words; bless me, what immense sums are at the bottom of the accounts!"

* Looking over the accounts.

John spent several weeks in looking over his bills; and by comparing and stating his accounts he discovered that, besides the extravagance of every article, he had been egregiously cheated; that he had paid for counsel that were never fee'd, for writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dressed, and journeys that were never made; in short, that the tradesmen, lawyers and Frog had agreed to throw the burden of the law-suit upon his shoulders.

CHAPTER XII.

How John grew angry, and resolved to accept a composition; and what methods were practised by the lawyers for keeping him from it.*

Well might the learned Daniel Burgess[1] say that a law-suit is a suit for life. He that sows his grain upon marble will have many a hungry belly before harvest. This John felt by woeful experience. John's cause was a good milch cow, and many a man subsisted his family out of it. However, John began to think it high time to look about him. He

* Talk of peace, and the struggle of the Party against it.

[1] [A dissenting Minister of the day.]

had a cousin in the country, one Sir Roger Bold,[2] whose predecessors had been bred up to the law and knew as much of it as anybody; but having left off the profession for some time, they took great pleasure in compounding law-suits amongst their neighbours, for which they were the aversion of the gentlemen of the long robe and at perpetual war with all the country attorneys. John put his cause in Sir Roger's hands, desiring him to make the best of it.

The news had no sooner reached the ears of the lawyers but they were all in an uproar.* They brought all the rest of the tradesmen upon John; 'Squire South swore he was betrayed, that he would starve before he compounded; Frog said he was highly wronged; even lying Ned the chimney sweeper and Tom the dustman complained that their interest was sacrificed;† the lawyers, solicitors, Hocus and his clerks were all up in arms at the news of the composition; they abused him and his wife most shamefully.

"You silly, awkward, ill-bred, country sow," quoth one,[1] "have you no more manners than to rail at Hocus, that has

[2] [Harley.]

* The endeavours made use of to stop the Treaty of Peace.

† Reflections upon the H[ouse] of C[ommon]s, as ignorant, who knew nothing of business.

[1] [1712 ed. specifies Hocus's wife, *i.e.*, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.]

saved that clod-pated, numskulled, ninny-hammer of yours from ruin, and all his family? It is well known how he has rose early and sat up late to make him easy, when he was sotting at every ale-house in town. I knew his[2] last wife, she was a woman of breeding, good humour, and complaisance, knew how to live in the world; as for you, you look like a puppet moved by clockwork; your clothes hang upon you as they were upon tenter-hooks, and you come into a room as you were going to steal away a piss-pot; get you gone into the country to look after your mother's poultry, to milk the cows, churn the butter and dress up nosegays for a holiday, and meddle not with matters that you know no more of than the sign-post before your door. It is well known that Hocus has an established reputation; he never swore an oath nor told a lie in all his life; he is grateful to his benefactors, faithful to his friends, liberal to his dependents, and dutiful to his superiors; he values not your money more than the dust under his feet, but he hates to be abused. Once for all, Mrs. Minx, leave off talking of Hocus, or I will pull out these saucer-eyes of yours and make that red-streak country-face look as raw as an ox-cheek upon

[2] [John Bull's, *i.e.*, the late Government; the strength of the present one, it should be remembered, lay in the country members.]

a butcher's stall; remember, I say, that there are pillories and ducking stools."

With this, away they flung, leaving Mrs. Bull no time to reply.

No stone was left unturned to fright John from this composition. Sometimes they spread reports at coffee-houses that John and his wife were run mad; that they intended to give up house and make over all their estate to old Lewis Baboon; that John had been often heard talking to himself and seen in the streets without shoes or stockings; that he did nothing from morning to night but beat his servants, after having been the best master alive; as for his wife, she was a mere natural. Sometimes John's house was beset with a whole regiment of attorney's clerks, bailiffs and bailiffs' followers, and other small retainers of the law, who threw stones at his windows and dirt at himself as he went along the street. When John complained of want of ready money to carry on his suit, they advised him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs. Bull should sell her linen and wearing clothes.

CHAPTER XIII.

*Mrs. Bull's vindication of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, incumbent upon wives, in case of the tyranny, infidelity, or insufficiency of husbands: being a full answer to the Doctor's sermon against adultery.**

John found daily fresh proofs of the infidelity and bad designs of his deceased wife; amongst other things one day looking over his cabinet he found the following paper:

"It is evident that matrimony is founded upon an original contract, whereby the wife makes over the right she has by the law of nature to the *concubitus vagus* in favour of the husband; by which he acquires the property of all her posterity. But then the obligation is mutual. And where the contract is broken on one side, it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a right, there must be a power to maintain it and to punish the offending party. This power I affirm to be that original right, or rather that indispensable duty of cuckoldom, lodged in

* The Tories' representation of the speeches at Sacheverel's trial.

all wives, in the cases above mentioned. No wife is bound by any law to which herself has not consented. All economical government is lodged originally in the husband and wife, the executive part being in the husband; both have their privileges secured to them by law and reason; but will any man infer from the husband's being invested with the executive power, that the wife is deprived of her share, and that which is the principal branch of it, the original right of cuckoldom? And that she has no remedy left but *preces et lacrymæ*, or an appeal to a supreme court of judicature? No less frivolous are the arguments that are drawn from the general appellations and terms of husband and wife. A husband denotes several different sorts of magistracy, according to the usages and customs of different climates and countries. In some eastern nations it signifies a tyrant, with the absolute power of life and death. In Turkey it denotes an arbitrary governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment. In Italy it gives the husband the power of poison and padlocks. In the countries of England, France and Holland, it has quite a different meaning, implying a free and equal government, securing to the wife, in certain cases, the liberty of cuckoldom and the property of pin-money and separate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of

husband and wife are fallacious and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited chastity and conjugal fidelity.

"The general exhortations to chastity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary cases, but they naturally suppose the three conditions of ability, justice and fidelity in the husband; such an unlimited, unconditioned fidelity in the wife could never be supposed by reasonable men; it seems a reflexion upon the Church to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppression.

"This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom is congruous to the law of nature, which is superior to all human laws, and for that I dare appeal to all wives. It is much to the honour of our English wives that they have never given up that fundamental point; and that though in former ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seemed engraven on their minds, and the impression so strong that nothing could impair it.

"To assert the illegality of cuckoldom, upon any pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious colours upon the married state, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families. Such laws can never be supposed to have been designed to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind.

I call them necessary means, for in many cases what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families, unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honours and estates; for if the actions from which such settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too; but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause that Europe groans at present under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war, but the tyrannical custom of a certain nation and the scrupulous nicety of a silly quean,[1] in not exercising this indispensable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the kingdom might have had an heir and a controverted succession might have been avoided? These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your clergy, *that one must not do evil that good may come of it.*

"The assertors of this indefeasible right and *jus divinum* of matrimony do all in their hearts favour gallants and the pretenders to married women; for if the true legal foundation of the married state be once sapped, and instead thereof tyrannical maxims introduced, what must follow but elopements, instead of secret and peaceable cuckoldom?

"From all that has been said, one may

[1] [The childless Queen of Spain.]

clearly perceive the absurdity of the doctrine of the seditious, discontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher, asserting *that the grand security of the matrimonial state, and the pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an absolute unconditional fidelity to the husband's bed.* By which bold assertion he strikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the basis upon which the happiness of a married state is built. As for his personal reflections, I would gladly know who are those wanton wives he speaks of? Who are those ladies of high stations that he so boldly traduces in his sermon? It is pretty plain who these aspersions are aimed at, for which he deserves the pillory, or something worse.

"In confirmation of this doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wisest wives in all ages, who by these means have preserved their husband's families from ruin and oblivion by want of posterity; but what has been said is a sufficient ground for punishing this pragmatical parson."

CHAPTER XIV.

*The two great Parties of Wives, the Devoto's and the Hitts.**

The doctrine of unlimited chastity and fidelity in wives was universally espoused by all husbands, who went about the country and made the wives sign papers, signifying their utter detestation and abhorrence of Mrs. Bull's wicked doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native liberty, which gave rise to two great parties amongst the wives, the Devoto's and the Hitts. Though it must be owned the distinction was more nominal than real, for the Devoto's would abuse freedoms sometimes; and those who were distinguished by the name of Hitts were often very honest. At the same time there was an ingenious treatise came out, with the title of *Good Advice to Husbands;* in which they are counselled not to trust too much to their wives owning the doctrine of unlimited conjugal fidelity, and so to neglect family duty, and a due watchfulness over the manners of their wives; that the

* Those who were for and against the doctrine of Non-resistance.

greatest security to husbands was a vigorous constitution, good usage of their wives, and keeping them from temptation; many husbands having been sufferers by their trusting too much to general professions, as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent husband,[1] who, trusting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him.

CHAPTER XV.

*An Account of the Conference between Mrs. Bull and Don Diego.**

The lawyers, as their last effort to put off the composition, sent Don Diego to John. Don Diego was a very worthy gentleman, a friend to John, his mother, and present wife; and therefore supposed to have some influence over her. He had been ill used himself by John's lawyers, but because of some animosity to Sir Roger was against the composition. The conference between him and Mrs. Bull was word for word as follows:

[1] [James II.]

* A Tory nobleman, who by his influence upon the H[ouse] of C[ommon]s endeavoured to stop the treaty. [*i.e.*, the Earl of Nottingham, with whom the Whigs made an alliance (1711).]

Don Diego: Is it possible, cousin Bull, that you can forget the honourable maxims of the family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honestest best-meaning persons in the world, Esquire South, Frog and Hocus, that have sacrificed their interest to yours It is base to take advantage of their simplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at last.

Mrs. Bull: I am sure they have left my family in a bad condition; we have hardly money to go to market, and nobody will take our words for sixpence. A very fine spark* this Esquire South! My husband took him in, a dirty, snotty-nosed boy; it was the business of half the servants to attend him, the rogue did bawl and make such a noise. Sometimes he fell in the fire and burnt his face, sometimes broke his shins clambering over the benches, often pissed a-bed, and always came in so dirty as if he had been dragged through the kennel at a boarding school. He lost his money at chuck-farthing, shuffle-cap, and all-fours; sold his books, pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the whole generation of him are so in love with bagpipes and puppet-shows. I wish you knew what my husband has paid at the pastry cooks and

* Something relating to the manners of a great prince, superstition, love of operas, shows, etc.

confectioners for Naples biscuit, tarts, custards, and sweet-meats. All this while my husband considered him as a gentleman of a good family that had fallen into decay, gave him good education, and has settled him in a good credible way of living, having procured him by his interest one of the best places of the country. And what return, think you, does this fine gentleman make us? He will hardly give me or my husband a good word or a civil expression. Instead of *Sir* and *Madam** (which, though I say it, is our due) he calls us *Goody* and *Gaffer* such-a-one; says he did us a great deal of honour to board with us; huffs and dings at such a rate because we will not spend the little we have left to get him the title and estate of Lord Strutt; and then, forsooth, we shall have the honour to be his woollen drapers. Besides, Esquire South will be Esquire South still; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himself so when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man say what he will do when he is got above the world?

D. Diego: And would you lose the honour of so noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept the scandalous composition and trust that old rogue Lewis Baboon?

* Something relating to forms and titles.

Mrs. Bull: Look you, friend Diego, if we law it on till Lewis turns honest, I am afraid our credit will run low at Blackwell Hall. I wish every man had his own; but I still say that Lord Strutt's money shines as bright and chinks as well as Esquire South's. I don't know any other hold that we tradesmen have of these great folks but their interest; buy dear and sell cheap, and I'll warrant ye you will keep your customer. The worst is that Lord Strutt's servants have got such a haunt about that old rogue's shop that it will cost us many a firkin of strong beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad road the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego: But poor Frog, what has he done? On my conscience, if there be an honest, sincere man in the world, it is that Frog.

Mrs. Bull: I think I need not tell you how much Frog has been obliged to our family* from his childhood; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is without our help. Ever since the commencement of this law-suit it has been the business of Hocus, in sharing our expenses, to plead for Frog. "Poor Frog," says he, "is in hard circumstances. He has a numerous family,

* Complaints of the H[ouse] of C[ommon]s of the unequal burden of the war.

and lives from hand to mouth; his children don't eat a bit of good victuals from one year's end to the other, but live upon salt herrings, sour curd, and borecole; he does his utmost, poor fellow, to keep things even in the world, and has exerted himself beyond his ability in this law-suit, but he really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this hundred pounds? Place it upon your side of the account; it is a great deal to poor Frog, and a trifle to you." This has been Hocus's constant language, and I am sure he has had obligations enough to us to have acted another part.

D. Diego: No doubt Hocus meant all this for the best, but he is a tender-hearted, charitable man; Frog is indeed in hard circumstances.

Mrs. Bull: Hard circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last degree. All the time of the law-suit, as fast as I have mortgaged, Frog has purchased.* From a plain tradesman, with a shop, warehouse, and a country hut with a dirty fish-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich country gentleman with a noble-landed estate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens and farms, finer than any we were ever master of. Is it not strange, when my husband disbursed great sums every term, Frog should be

* The D[utc]h acquisitions in Flanders.

purchasing some new farm or manor? So that if this law-suit lasts he will be far the richest man in his country. What is worse than all this he steals away my customers every day; twelve of the richest and the best have left my shop by his persuasion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again. Judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

D. Diego: Frog is indeed pretty close in his dealings, but very honest. You are so touchy and take things so hotly I am sure there must be some mistake in this.

Mrs. Bull: A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how Hocus and those rogues kept my husband John Bull drunk for five years together with punch and strong waters; I am sure he never went one night sober to bed, till they got him to sign the strangest deed that ever you saw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I'll tell you another time; at present I'll only read the writing:

Articles of Agreement* betwixt John Bull, clothier, and Nicholas Frog, linen draper.

I. That for maintaining the ancient good correspondence and friendship between the

* The sentiments of the H[ouse] of C[ommon]s and their representation of the B[arrie]r Tr[eat]y [contracted by Lord Townshend in 1709].

said parties, I Nicholas Frog do solemnly engage and promise to keep peace in John Bull's family, that neither his wife, children nor servants give him any trouble, disturbance or molestation whatsoever, but to oblige them all to do their duty quietly in their respective stations. And whereas the said John Bull, from the assured confidence that he has in my friendship, has appointed me executor of his last will and testament, and guardian to his children, I do undertake for me, my heirs and assigns, to see the same duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its parts by John Bull or anybody else. For that purpose it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his house at any hour of the day or night, to break open bars, bolts and doors, chests of drawers and strong boxes, in order to secure the peace of my friend John Bull's family, and to see his will duly executed.

II. In consideration of which kind neighbourly office of Nicholas Frog, in that he has been pleased to accept of the foresaid trust, I John Bull, having duly considered that my friend Nicholas Frog at this time lives in a marshy soil and unwholesome air, infested with fogs and damps, destructive of the health of himself, wife and children; do bind and oblige me, my heirs and assigns, to purchase for the said Nicholas Frog, with the

best and readiest of my cash, bonds, mortgages, goods and chattels, a landed estate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields and outlets, consisting of as large extent as the said Nicholas Frog shall think fit. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog is at present hemmed in too close by the grounds of Lewis Baboon, master of the science of defence, I the said John Bull do oblige myself with the readiest of my cash to purchase and enclose the said grounds for as many fields and acres as the said Nicholas shall think fit; to the intent that the said Nicholas may have free egress and regress, without let or molestation, suitable to the demands of himself and family.

III. Furthermore, the said John Bull obliges himself to make the country neighbours of Nicholas Frog allot a certain part of yearly rents, to pay for the repairs of the said landed estate, to the intent that his good friend Nicholas Frog may be eased of all charges.

IV. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceased Lord Strutt about certain liberties, privileges and immunities, formerly in the possession of the said John Bull; I the said John Bull do freely, by these presents, renounce, quit and make over to the said Nicholas, the liberties, privileges and immunities contracted for, in

as full manner as if they never had belonged to me.

V. The said John Bull obliges himself, his heirs and assigns, not to sell one rag of broad or coarse cloth to any gentleman within the neighbourhood of the said Nicholas, except in such quantities and such rates as the said Nicholas shall think fit.

Signed and sealed,

John Bull.
Nic. Frog.

The reading of this paper put Mrs. Bull in such a passion that she fell downright into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the spirit of hartshorn before she recovered.

D. Diego: Why in such a passion, cousin? Considering your circumstances at that time I don't think this such an unreasonable contract. You see Frog, for all this, is religiously true to his bargain, he scorns to hearken to any composition without your privacy.

Mrs. Bull: You know the contrary. Read that letter.* (*Reads the superscription.*) "For Lewis Baboon, master of the noble science of defence.

Sir,

I understand that you are at this time

* Secret negotiations of the D[utc]h at that time.

treating with my friend John Bull about restoring the Lord Strutt's custom, and, besides, allowing him certain privileges of parks and fish-ponds; I wonder how you, that are a man that knows the world, can talk with that simple fellow. He has been my bubble these twenty years, and to my certain knowledge understands no more of his own affairs than a child in swaddling clothes. I know he has got a sort of a pragmatical silly jade of a wife that pretends to take him out of my hands. But you and she both will find yourselves mistaken; I'll find those that shall manage her; and for him, he dares as well be hanged as make one step in his affairs without my consent. If you will give me what you promised him I will make all things easy and stop the deeds of ejectment against Lord Strutt. If you will not, take what follows. I shall have a good action against you for pretending to rob me of my bubble. Take this warning from

Your loving Friend,
Nic. Frog."

I am told, cousin Diego, you are one of those that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said you will carry a green bag yourself, rather than we shall make an end of our law-suit. I'll teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego: For God's sake, madam, why so choleric? I say this letter is some forgery, it never entered into the head of that honest man, Nic. Frog, to do any such thing.

Mrs. Bull: I can't abide you. You have been railing these twenty years at Esquire South, Frog and Hocus, calling them rogues and pick-pockets, and now they are turned the honestest fellows in the world. What is the meaning of all this?

D. Diego: Pray tell me how you came to employ this Sir Roger in your affairs, and not think of your old friend Diego?

Mrs. Bull: So, so, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed Sir Roger in several weighty affairs and have found him trusty and honest, and the poor man always scorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the pence. My husband and I are now in such circumstances that we must be served upon cheaper terms than we have been.

D. Diego: Well, cousin, I find I can do no good with you, I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this Sir Roger.

CHAPTER XVI.

*How the guardians of the deceased Mrs. Bull's three daughters came to John, and what advice they gave him; wherein is briefly treated the characters of the three daughters; also John Bull's answer to the three guardians.**

I told you in a former chapter that Mrs. Bull, before she departed this life, had blessed John with three daughters. I need not here repeat their names, neither would I willingly use any scandalous reflections upon young ladies, whose reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of these were so well known in the neighbourhood that it is doing them no injury to make a short description of them.

The eldest† was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench as ever breathed; she used to rantipole about the house, pinch the children, kick the servants, and torture the cats and the dogs; she would rob her father's strong box for money to give

* Concerns of the Party, and speeches for carrying on the war, etc. Sentiments of the Tories and H[ouse] of C[ommon]s against continuing the war for setting King Ch[arle]s upon the throne of S[pai]n.

† *Polemia* [War].

the young fellows that she was fond of. She had a noble air and something great in her mien, but such a noisome infectious breath as threw all the servants that dressed her into consumptions; if she smelt to the freshest nosegay it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted. She used to come home in her cups and break the china and the looking-glasses; and was of such an irregular temper and so entirely given up to her passion that you might argue as well with the north wind as with her ladyship; so expensive that the income of three dukedoms was not enough to supply her extravagance. Hocus loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs. Bull.

The second* daughter, born a year after her sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-conditioned creature as ever was, ugly as the devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer eyes, a sharp nose, and hunch-backed, but active, sprightly and diligent about her affairs. Her ill-complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon and night. She never rested quietly a-bed; but used to disturb the whole family with shrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for she took them all for gospel. She would cry out "Murder," and disturb the whole neighbour-

* *Discordia* [Faction].

hood; and when John came running downstairs to enquire what the matter was, nothing forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown. She turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her salad, and another for putting too little salt in her water-gruel. But such as by flattery had procured her esteem she would indulge in the greatest crimes. Her father had two coachmen; when one was in the coach-box, if the coach swung but the least to one side she used to shriek so loud that all the street concluded she was overturned; but though the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away.

Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole neighbourhood together by the ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies as would have amazed any mortal, but such as knew her: Of a whale that had swallowed a fleet of ships; of the lions being let out of the Tower to destroy the Protestant religion; of the Pope's being seen in a brandy shop at Wapping; and a prodigious strong man that was going to shove down the cupola of St. Paul's; of three millions of five pound pieces that Esquire South had found under an old wall; of

blazing stars, flying dragons, and abundance of such stuff. All the servants in the family made high court to her, for she domineered there and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old grudge between her and Sir Roger, whom she mortally hated and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel water upon him as he passed along the streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a surtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the surtout was a little scanty.

As for the third,* she was a thief and a common mercenary prostitute, and that without any solicitation from nature, for she owned she had no enjoyment. She had no respect of persons, a prince or a porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest gentleman in the world to go to an ugly pocky fellow for sixpence more. In the practice of her profession she had amassed vast magazines of all sorts of things; she had above five hundred suits of fine clothes, and yet went abroad like a cinder wench. She robbed and starved all the servants, so that nobody could live near her.

So much for John's three daughters, which you will say were rarities to be fond of. Yet Nature will show itself; nobody could blame their relations for taking care of them; and

* *Usuria* [Usury].

therefore it was that Hocus, with two other of the guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the interest of the three girls, and give John their best advice before he compounded the law-suit.

Hocus: What makes you so shy of late, my good friend? There's nobody loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs. As I hope to be saved, I would do anything to serve you, I would crawl upon all four to serve you; I have spent my health and paternal estate in your service. I have, indeed, a small pittance left, with which I might retire and with as good a conscience as any man. But the thought of this disgraceful composition so touches me to the quick that I cannot sleep. After I had brought the cause to the last stroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old Lewis and Lord Strutt and put you in the quiet possession of everything; then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cause was my favourite, I had set my heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it should miscarry. For God's sake consider only to what a dismal condition old Lewis is brought; he is at an end of all his cash, his attorneys have hardly one trick left, they are at an end of all their chicane; besides, he has both his law and his daily bread now upon trust. Hold out only one term longer, and

I'll warrant you before the next we shall have him in the Fleet. I'll bring him to the pillory, his ears shall pay for his perjuries. For the love of God don't compound, let me be damned if you have a friend in the world that loves you better than I. There is nobody can say I am covetous or that I have any interest to pursue but yours.

2nd Guardian: There is nothing so plain as that this Lewis has a design to ruin all his neighbouring tradesmen; and at this time he has such a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds that if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches he will monopolise everything; nobody will be able to sell a yard of drapery or mercery-ware but himself. I then hold it advisable that you continue the law-suit and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice; for their estates, poor girls! depend upon the success of this cause.

3rd Guardian: I own this writ of ejectment has cost dear, but then consider, it is a jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. Bull's declared enemies can say he has any other security for his clothing trade but the ejectment of Lord Strutt. The only question then that remains to be decided is, who shall stand the expenses of the suit? To which the answer is as plain,

who but he that is to have the advantage of the sentence? When Esquire South has got possession of his title and honour, is not John Bull to be his clothier? Who then but John ought to put him in possession? Ask but any indifferent gentleman, who ought to bear his charges at law? and he will readily answer, his tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it, that, being his clothier, you ought to put him in quiet possession of his estate, and, with the same generous spirit you have begun it, complete the good work. If you persist in the bad measures you are now in, what must become of the three poor orphans? My heart bleeds for the poor girls.

John Bull: You are all very eloquent persons, but give me leave to tell you, you express a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me; I think my interest ought to be considered in the first place. As for you, Hocus, I can't but say you have managed my law-suit with great address and much to my honour; and, though I say it, you have been well paid for it. Why must the burden be taken off Frog's back and laid upon my shoulders? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot when I have been forced to mortgage my estate. His note will go farther than my bond. Is it not matter of fact that from the richest tradesman

in all the country I am reduced to beg and borrow from scriveners and usurers that suck the heart, blood and guts out of me, and what all this for? Did you like Frog's countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had a hundred yards at a time of the finest cloth in my shop? Why must the rest of the tradesmen be not only indemnified from charges but forbid to go on with their own business, and what is more their concern than mine?

As to holding out this term, I appeal to your own conscience, has not that been your constant discourse these six years, "*One term more, and old Lewis goes to pot*"? If thou art so fond of my cause, be generous for once and lend me a brace of thousands. Ah Hocus! Hocus! I know thee, not a sou to save me from gaol, I trow. Look ye, Gentlemen, I have lived with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart never to stir out of my doors but to be pulled by the sleeve by some rascally dun or other: "Sir, remember my bill; there's a small concern of a thousand pounds, I hope you think on't, sir." And to have these usurers transact my debts at coffee-houses and ale-houses, as if I were going to break up shop!

Lord! That ever the rich, the generous

John Bull, clothier, the envy of all his neighbours, should be brought to compound his debts for five shillings in the pound; and to have his name in an advertisement for a statute of bankrupt! The thought of it makes me mad. I have read somewhere in the *Apocrypha*, that one should not "consult with a woman touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a merchant, concerning exchange; nor with a buyer of selling; nor with an unmerciful man of kindness," etc. I could have added one thing more, "Nor with an attorney, about compounding a law-suit."

This ejectment of Lord Strutt will never do. The evidence is crimp; the witnesses swear backwards and forwards, and contradict themselves; and his tenants stick by him. One tells me that I must carry on my suit because Lewis is poor; another, because he is still too rich. Whom shall I believe? I am sure of one thing, that a penny in the purse is the best friend John can have at last, and who can say that this will be the last suit I shall be engaged in? Besides, if this ejectment were practicable, is it reasonable that when Esquire South is losing his money to sharpers and pick-pockets, going about the country with fiddlers and buffoons, and squandering his income with hawks and dogs, I should lay out the fruits of my honest

industry in a law-suit for him, only upon the hopes of being his clothier? And when the cause is over I shall not have the benefit of my project, for want of money to go to market.

Look ye, gentlemen, John Bull is but a plain man; but John Bull knows when he is ill-used. I know the infirmity of our family; we are apt to play the boon-companion and throw away our money in our cups. But it was an unfair thing in you, gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakness to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me day and night, with huzza's and hunting-horns, and ringing the changes on butchers' cleavers, never to let me cool, and make me set my hands to papers when I could hardly hold my pen. There will come a day of reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the small remainder of a very great estate.

CHAPTER XVII.

*Esquire South's Message and Letter to Mrs. Bull.**

The arguments used by Hocus and the rest of the guardians had hitherto proved insufficient. John and his wife could not be persuaded to bear the expense of Esquire South's law-suit. They thought it reasonable that since he was to have the honour and advantage he should bear the greatest share of the charges, and retrench what he lost to sharpers and spent upon country dances and puppet-plays to apply it to that use. This was not very grateful to the Esquire. Therefore, as the last experiment, he was resolved to send Signior Benenato,[1] master of his fox-hounds, to Mrs. Bull, to try what good he could do with her.

This Signior Benenato had all the qualities of a fine gentleman that were fit to charm a lady's heart; and if any person in the world could have persuaded her, it was he. But such was her unshaken fidelity to her husband,

* Complaints of the deficiencies of the House of Au[stri]a. Prince E[ugene]'s journey and message.

[Prince Eugene visited London in 1710 to urge the continuance of the war.]

[1] [Prince Eugene.]

and the constant purpose of her mind to pursue his interest, that the most refined arts of gallantry that were practised could not seduce her heart. The necklaces, diamond crosses, and rich bracelets that were offered she rejected with the utmost scorn and disdain. The music and serenades that were given her sounded more ungratefully in her ears than the noise of a screech owl; however, she received Esquire South's letter by the hands of Signior Benenato with that respect which became his quality. The copy of the letter is as follows; in which you will observe he changes a little his usual style:

Madam,

The writ of ejectment against Philip Baboon (pretended Lord Strutt) is just ready to pass. There want but a few necessary forms, and a verdict or two more, to put me in the quiet possession of my honour and estate. I question not but that according to your wonted generosity and goodness you will give it the finishing stroke; an honour that I would grudge anybody but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the charges, I promise to furnish pen, ink and paper, provided you pay for the stamps. Besides, I have ordered my steward to pay out of the readiest and best of my rents five pounds ten shillings a year, until my suit is finished. I

wish you health and happiness, being with due respect, madam,

Your assured Friend,
South.

What answer Mrs. Bull returned to this letter you shall know in my second part, only they were at a pretty good distance in their proposals; for as Esquire South only offered to be at the charges of pen, ink and paper, Mrs. Bull refused any more than to lend her barge to carry his council to Westminster Hall.*

PART TWO.

The Publisher's PREFACE.

The world is much indebted to the famous Sir Humphry Polesworth for his ingenious and impartial account of John Bull's law-suit; yet there is just cause of complaint against him, in that he retails it only by

* Sending the En[glish] Fl[eet] to convey the forces to Ba[r]c[elon]a.

parcels and won't give us the whole work. This forces me, who am only the Publisher, to bespeak the assistance of his friends and acquaintance to engage him to lay aside that stingy humour and gratify the curiosity of the public at once. He pleads in excuse that they are only private memoirs, wrote for his own use in a loose style, to serve as a help to his ordinary conversation. I represented to him the good reception the first part had met with; that though calculated only for the meridian of Grub Street, it was yet taken notice of by the better sort; that the world was now sufficiently acquainted with John Bull and interested itself in his concerns. He answered with a smile that he had indeed some trifling things to impart that concerned John Bull's relations and domestic affairs; if these would satisfy me he gave me free leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the history of the law-suit more intelligible. When I had looked over the manuscript I found likewise some further account of the composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the former part.

CHAPTER I.

*The Character of John Bull's Mother.**

John had a mother whom he loved and honoured extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained termagant scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary she was of a meek spirit, and as she was strictly virtuous herself so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead-cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimp ribbons in her head-dress, furbelow-scarfs and hooped

* The C[hurc]h of E[ngland].

petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel. Though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket-glasses and essence-bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holidays.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curtseying pieces of formality and your romps that have no

regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations. "We must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom" (or "my cousin Betty") "died this time ten years." "Let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birthday." She looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them; and they had so far prevailed with him once that he turned her out of doors, to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went all at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex; your rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen would bear hers; and she would by her handsome manner of proceeding sooner reclaim than some that were more sour and reserved; she was a zealous preacher-up of chastity and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet

she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, *This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it.* It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

CHAPTER II.

The Character of John Bull's Sister Peg, with the quarrels that happened between Master and Miss in their childhood.*

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed Miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel step-dame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like

* The Nation and Church of Sc[otlan]d.

a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet chicken, pig, goose and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches and nectarines; poor Miss a crab-apple, sloe or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber toward the south sun. Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance.

However, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used. Now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of pullet or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her, but Miss would not yield in the least point, but even when Master had got her down she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront Miss aimed a pen-knife at his heart.

In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nick-names,

she called him *Gundy-guts* and he called her *Lousy-Peg*, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not indeed a perfect beauty but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had indeed some odd humour* and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her.

"What think you of my sister Peg," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?"

"What's that to you, Gundy-guts," quoth Peg, "everybody's to choose their own music."

Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her *Paternoster*, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin and Jack;[1] Jack had of late been her inclination; Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces, but Jack had found the way

* Love of Presbytery.

[1] [The Roman, Lutheran and Calvinist Creeds. Cf. Swift's *Tale of a Tub*.]

to her heart. I have often admired what charms she discovered in that awkward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue, who gave me the following account of it.

CHAPTER III.

Jack's Charms, or the Method by which he gained Peg's Heart.*

In the first place, Jack was a very young fellow, by much the youngest of the three brothers, and people indeed wondered how such a young upstart Jackanapes should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

Jack bragged of greater abilities than other men; he was well-gifted, as he pretended; I need not tell you what secret influence that has upon the ladies.

Jack had a most scandalous tongue, and persuaded Peg that all mankind, besides himself, were poxed by that scarlet-faced whore Signiora Bubonia.† As for his brother, Lord Peter, "the tokens were evident on him, blotches, scabs, and the corona." His brother Martin, though he was

* Character of the Presbyterians.

† The Whore of Babylon, or the Pope.

not quite so bad, " had some nocturnal pains, which his friends pretended were only scorbutical, but," he was sure, " proceeded from a worse cause." By such malicious insinuations he had possessed the lady that he was the only man in the world of a sound, pure, and untainted constitution. Though there were some that stuck not to say that Signiora Bubonia and Jack railed at one another only the better to hide an intrigue, and that Jack had been found with Signiora under his cloak, carrying her home in a dark, stormy night.

Jack was a prodigious ogler; he would ogle you the outside of his eye inward and the white upward.

Jack gave himself out for a man of a great estate in the Fortunate Islands, of which the sole property was vested in his person. By this trick he cheated abundance of poor people of small sums, pretending to make over plantations in the said islands; but, when the poor wretches came there with Jack's grant, they were beat, mocked, and turned out of doors.

I told you that Peg was whimsical and loved anything that was particular. In that way Jack was her man; for he neither thought, spoke, dressed, nor acted like other mortals. He was for your bold strokes; he railed at fops, though he was himself the most

affected in the world; instead of the common fashion, he would visit his mistress in a mourning-cloak, band, short cuffs, and a peaked beard. He invented a way of coming into a room backwards, which he said showed more humility and less affectation. Where other people stood, he sat; where they sat, he stood; when he went to court, he used to kick away the State and sit down by his prince, cheek by jowl. "Confound these States," says he, "they are a modern invention." When he spoke to his prince, he always turned his br—ch upon him. If he was advised to fast for his health, he would eat roast-beef; if he was allowed a more plentiful diet, then he would be sure that day to live upon water-gruel; he would cry at a wedding, laugh and make jests at a funeral.

He was no less singular in his opinions; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk of politics.

"All Government," says he, "is founded* upon the right distribution of *Punishments;* decent executions keep the world in awe; for that reason the majority of mankind ought to be hanged every year. For example, I suppose the magistrate ought to pass an irreversible sentence upon all blue-eyed children from the cradle; but that there may be some show of justice in this proceeding,

* Absolute predestination and reprobation.

these children ought to be trained up by masters appointed for that purpose to all sorts of villainy; that they may deserve their fate, and the execution of them may serve as an object of terror to the rest of mankind."

As to the giving of *Pardons*, he had this singular method: *That when these wretches had the rope about their necks it should be enquired who believed they should be hanged and who not? The first were to be pardoned, the last hanged outright. Such as were once pardoned were never to be hanged afterwards for any crime whatsoever. He had such skill in physiognomy that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a man's face. "That fellow," says he, "do what he will can't avoid hanging; he has a hanging look."

By the same art he would prognosticate a principality to a scoundrel.

He was no less particular in the choice of his studies; they were generally bent towards exploded chimeras,† the *perpetuum mobile*, the circular shot, philosopher's stone, silent gunpowder, making chains for fleas, nets for flies, and instruments to unravel cobwebs and split hairs.

Thus, I think, I have given a distinct account of the methods he practised upon Peg. Her brother would now and then ask her:

* Saving-faith; a belief that one shall certainly be saved.
† The learning of the Presbyterians.

"What a devil dost thou see in that pragmatical coxcomb, to make thee so in love with him? He is a fit match for a tailor or a shoemaker's daughter, but not for you that are a gentlewoman."

"Fancy is free," quoth Peg. "I'll take my awn way; do you take yours. I do not care for your flaunting beaus, that gang with their breasts open and their sarks[1] over their waistcoats,[2] that accost me with set speeches out of Sidney's *Arcadia*, or *The Academy of Compliments*. Jack is a sober, grave, young man; though he has none of your studied harangues, his meaning is sincere. He has a great regard to his father's will; and he that shows himself a good son will make a good husband. Besides, I know he has the original Deed of Conveyance to the Fortunate Islands; the others are counterfeits."

There is nothing so obstinate as a young lady in her amours; the more you cross her the worse she is.

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[1] [Surplices.]

[2] [From the Prayer Book of Queen Elizabeth.]

CHAPTER IV.

* *How the relations reconciled John and his sister Peg, and what return Peg made to John's message.*

John Bull, otherwise a good natured man, was very hard-hearted to his sister Peg, chiefly from an aversion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flourished, kept a warm house, and drove a plentiful trade, poor Peg was forced to go hawking and peddling about the streets, selling knives, scissors and shoe-buckles; now and then carried a basket of fish to the market; sewed, spun, and knit for a livelihood, till her finger-ends were sore; and when she could not get bread for her family, she was forced to hire them out at journey-work to her neighbours. Yet in these her poor circumstances, she still preserved the air and mien of a gentlewoman; a certain decent pride, that extorted respect from the haughtiest of her neighbours; when

* The Treaty of Union. Reason of it, the succession not being settled in Sc[otlan]d, fears for the Presbyterian Church Government, and of being burdened with the E[ngli]sh national debts.

she came into any full assembly, she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them. If one asked her, are not you related to John Bull? "Yes," says she, "he has the honour to be my brother."

So Peg's affairs went, till all the relations cried out shame upon John for his barbarous usage of his own flesh and blood; that it was an easy matter for him to put her in a credible way of living, not only without hurt, but with advantage to himself, being[1] she was an industrious person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of business.

"Hang her, jade," quoth John, "I can't endure her as long as she keeps that rascal Jack's company." They told him the way to reclaim her was to take her into his house; that by conversation the childish humours of their younger days might be worn out.

These arguments were enforced by a certain incident. It happened that John was at that time about making his will* and entailing his estate, the very same in which Nic. Frog is named executor. Now his sister Peg's name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough settlement without her consent. There was indeed a malicious story went about, as if John's last wife had fallen in love

[1] ['The fact being that,' or provincially, 'being as how.']
* The Act of Succession.

with Jack as he was eating custard† a-horse-back; that she persuaded John to take his sister Peg into the house, the better to drive on her intrigue with Jack, concluding he would follow his mistress Peg. All I can infer from this story is, that when one has got a bad character in the world people will report and believe anything of them, true or false. But to return to my story; when Peg received John's message, she huffed and stormed like the devil.

"My brother John," quoth she, "is grown wondrous kind-hearted all of a suddain, but I meikle doubt whether it be not mair for his awn conveniency than for my good; he draws up his writs and his deeds, forsooth, and I mun set my hand to them, unsight unseen. I like the young man he has settled upon well enough, but I think I ought to have a valuable consideration for my consent. He wants my poor little farm, because it makes a nook in his park-wall. Ye may e'en tell him he has mair than he makes good use of; he gangs up and down drinking, roaring and quarrelling through all the country merkats, making foolish bargains in his cups which he

† A Presbyterian Lord Mayor. [A pun on custard-(or coster-) monger is probably intended; a contemptuous reference to the wealthy India merchant, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Lord Mayor of London in 1710. He, being unpopular with the mob, dispensed with the usual show and rode to the Law-Courts on horseback. He was a strong Whig and is several times satirized by Pope.]

repents when he is sober; like a thriftless wretch spending the goods and gear that his forefathers won with the sweat of their brows; light come, light go, he cares not a farthing. But why should I stand surety for his contracts? The little I have is free, and I can call it my own; hame's hame, be it never so hamely. I ken him well enough, he could never abide me, and when he has his ends he will even use me as he did before; I'm sure I shall be treated like a poor drudge; I shall be set to tend the bairns, darn the hose, and mend the linen. Then there's no living with that old carline his mother; she rails at Jack, and Jack's an honester man than any of her kin. I shall be plagued with her spells and her *Paternosters* and silly old-world ceremonies; I mun never pare my nails on a Friday, nor begin a journey on Childermas day; and I mun stand becking and binging as I gang out and into the hall. Tell him he may e'en gan his get,[1] I'll have nothing to do with him, I'll stay like the poor country mouse, in my own habitation."

So Peg talked; but for all that, by the interposition of good friends and by many a bonny thing that was sent, and many more that were promised Peg, the matter was concluded, and Peg taken into the house

[1] ['Gang his gate.']

upon certain articles :* one of which was, that she might have the freedom of Jack's conversation, and might take him for better and for worse, if she pleased; provided always he did not come into the house at unseasonable hours and disturb the rest of the old woman, John's mother.

CHAPTER V.

Of some Quarrels† that happened after Peg was taken into the family.

It is an old observation that the quarrels of relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly represented by one of your old sages called Æsop, in the story of the bird that was grieved extremely at being wounded with an arrow feathered with his own wing; as also of the oak that let many a heavy groan when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

There was no man in the world less subject to rancour than John Bull, considering how

* The Act of Toleration.

† Quarrels about some of the Articles of Union, particularly the peerage.

often his good nature had been abused; yet I don't know but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people that carried tales between him and his sister Peg, on purpose to sow jealousies and set them together by the ears. They say that there were some hardships put upon Peg which had been better left alone, but it was the business of good people to restrain the injuries on one side and moderate the resentments on the other; a good friend acts both parts, the one without the other will not do.

The purchase-money* of Peg's farm was ill paid; then Peg loved a little good liquor, and the servants shut up the wine-cellar;† but for that Peg found a trick, for she made a false key. Peg's servants complained that they were debarred from all manner of business, and never suffered to touch the least thing within the house; if they offered to come into the warehouse, then straight went the yard slap over their noddle; if they ventured into the counting-room, a fellow would throw an ink-bottle at their head; if they came into the best apartment to set anything there in order, they were saluted with a broom; if they meddled with anything in the kitchen, it was odds but the cook laid them over the pate

* The equivalent [compensation to Scotland for the imposition of English taxes, agreed at £400,000] not paid.

† Run wine.

with a ladle; one that would have got into the stables was met by two rascals who fell to work with a brush and a curry-comb; some climbing up into the coach-box were told that one of their companions had been there before, that could not drive; then slap went the long whip about their ears.

On the other hand it was complained that Peg's servants were always asking for drink-money;* that they had more than their share of the Christmas box; to say the truth, Peg's lads bustled pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to lock it up they got in their great fists and pulled out handfuls of half-crowns, shillings and sixpences. Others in the scramble picked up guineas and broad pieces. But there happened a worse thing than all this; it was complained that Peg's servants had great stomachs and brought so many of their friends and acquaintances to the table that John's family was like to be eat out of house and home. Instead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, Peg's young men were thrust away from the table; then there was the devil and all to do; spoons, plates and dishes flew about the room like mad; and Sir Roger, who was now *Major Domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg said this was contrary to Agreement, whereby she was in all things to

* Endeavoured to get their share of places.

be treated like a child of the family; then she called upon those that had made her such fair promises and undertook for her brother John's good behaviour; but alas! to her cost she found that they were the first and readiest to do her the injury. John at last agreed to this regulation:* that Peg's footmen might sit with his book-keeper, journeymen and apprentices; and Peg's better sort of servants might sit with his footmen if they pleased.

Then they began to order plum-porridge and minced-pies for Peg's dinner. Peg told them she had an aversion to that sort of food; that upon forcing down a mess of it some years ago[1] it threw her into a fit, until she brought it up again. Some alleged it was nothing but humour, that the same mess should be served up again for supper and breakfast next morning; others would have made use of a horn; but the wiser sort bid let her alone and she might take to it of her own accord.

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* Articles of Union, whereby they could make a Scots commoner, but not a lord, a peer.

[1] [In the days of Charles I.]

CHAPTER VI.

* *The Conversation between John Bull and his wife.*

Mrs. Bull: Though our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them since you seem to be convinced of the ill course you have been in and are resolved to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your business, I have a curiosity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

J. Bull: I wish you would talk of some other subject; the thoughts of it make me mad; our family must have their run.

Mrs. Bull: But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of your family before. They have had law-suits, but though they spent the income they never mortgaged the stock. Sure you must have some of the Norman or the Norfolk blood in you. Prithee give me some account of these matters.

J. Bull: Who could help it? There lives

* The history of the P[a]rt[i]t[io]n Treaty; suspicions at that time that the Fr. K. intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the secret to the Court of Sp[ai]n.

not such a fellow by bread as that old Lewis Baboon. He is the most cheating, contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as Nic. Frog and I were over a bottle making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his champagne, and so one after another till my friend Nic. and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got bloody drunk. Lewis all the while, either by the strength of his brain or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a judge. "My worthy friends." quoth Lewis, "henceforth let us live neighbourly; I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb, of my own temper, but it has been my misfortune to live among quarrelsome neighbours. There is but one thing can make us fall out, and that is the inheritance of Lord Strutt's estate; I am content for peace sake to waive my right and submit to any expedient to prevent a law-suit; I think an equal division* will be the fairest way." "Well moved, old Lewis," quoth Frog, "and I hope my friend John here will not be refractory." At the same time he clapped me on the back and slabbered me all over from cheek to cheek with his great tongue. "Do as you please, gentlemen," quoth I, "'tis all one to John Bull." We agreed to part that night, and next morning to meet at the corner of Lord Strutt's park

* The P[a]rt[i]t[io]n Treaty.

wall with our surveying instruments, which accordingly we did. Old Lewis carried a chain and a semi-circle; Nic., paper, rulers and a lead pencil; and I followed at some distance with a long pole. We began first with surveying the meadow grounds, afterwards we measured the corn-fields, close by close, then we proceeded to the woodlands, the copper and tin mines.* All this while Nic. laid down everything exactly upon paper, calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we had finished the land, we were going to break into the house and gardens, to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mrs. Bull: What said Lord Strutt to all this?

J. Bull: As we had almost finished our concern, we were accosted by some of Lord Strutt's servants: "Hey day! What's here? What a devil's the meaning of all these trangams and gimcracks, gentlemen? What in the name of wonder are you going about, jumping over my master's hedges and running your lines 'cross his grounds? If you are at any field-pastime, you might have asked leave; my master is a civil, well-bred person as any is."

Mrs. Bull: What could you answer to this?

J. Bull: Why, truly my neighbour Frog and

* The West Indies.

I were still hot-headed; we told him his master was an old doting puppy that minded nothing of his own business; that we were surveying his estate and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happened a quarrel, but we being stronger than they sent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home and told their master. "My lord," say they, "there are three odd sort of fellows going about your grounds with the strangest machines that ever we beheld in our life; I suppose they are going to rob your orchards, fell your trees, or drive away your cattle; they told us strange things of settling your estate. One is a lusty old fellow in a black wig, with a black beard, without teeth. There's another thick, squat fellow in trunk-hose. The third is a little, long-nosed, thin man." (I was then lean, being just come out of a fit of sickness.) "I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry something away."

Mrs. Bull: I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweague.

J. Bull: Weak as he was he called for his long Toledo, swore and bounced about the room. "'Sdeath! What am I come to, to be affronted so by my tradesmen? I know the rascals. My barber, clothier and linen-draper dispose of my estate! Bring hither my blunderbuss, I'll warrant ye you shall see day-

light through them. Scoundrels! Dogs! The scum of the earth! Frog, that was my father's kitchen-boy, he pretend to meddle with my estate! With my will! Ah, poor Strutt, what art thou come to at last? Thou hast lived too long in the world to see thy age and infirmity so despised. How will the ghosts of my noble ancestors receive these tidings? They cannot, they must not sleep quietly in their graves." In short, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit, and after bleeding in both arms hardly recovered.

Mrs. Bull: Really this was a very extraordinary way of proceeding. I long to hear the rest of it.

J. Bull: After we had come back to the Tavern, and taken the other bottle of champagne, we quarrelled a little about the division of the estate. Lewis hauled and pulled the map on one side, and Frog and I on the other, till we had like to have tore the parchment to pieces. At last Lewis pulled out a pair of great tailor's shears and clipped off a corner for himself, which he said was a manor that lay convenient for him, and left Frog and me the rest to dispose of as we pleased. We were overjoyed to think Lewis was contented with so little, not smelling what was at the bottom of the plot. There happened, indeed, an incident that gave us

some disturbance. A cunning fellow, one of my servants, two days after, peeping through the key-hole, observed that Old Lewis had stole away our part of the map and saw him fiddling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again. He was muttering something to himself, which he did not well hear, only these words: *'Tis great pity, 'tis great pity!* My servant added that he believed this had some ill-meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his companions: Lewis and I are good friends, he's an honest fellow, and I dare say will stand to his bargain. The sequel of the story proved this fellow's suspicion to be too well grounded; for Lewis revealed our whole secret to the deceased Lord Strutt, who, in reward to his treachery and revenge to Frog and me, settled his whole estate upon the present Philip Baboon. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the map together.

Mrs. Bull: And was you surprised at this? Had not Lord Strutt reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself?

J. Bull: Why truly, wife, it was not easily reconciled to the common methods, but then it was the fashion to do such things. I have read of your Golden Age, your Silver Age, etc., one might justly call this the Age of the

Lawyers. There was hardly a man of substance in all the country but had a counterfeit* that pretended to his estate. As the philosophers say that there is a duplicate of every terrestrial animal at sea, so it was in this Age of the Lawyers, there was at least two of everything; nay, o' my conscience, I think there were three Esquire Hackums† at one time. In short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet and dispose of the whole estates in the country. "This lies convenient for me, Tom"; "Thou would do more good with that, Dick, than the old fellow that has it." So to law they went with the true owners; the lawyers got well by it; everybody else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest man when he came home at night to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his servants, calling for supper, and pretending to go to bed to his wife. In every house you might observe two Sosias quarrelling who was master. For my own part I am still afraid of the same treatment, that I should find somebody behind my counter selling my broad-cloth.

Mrs. Bull: There are a sort of fellows they call banterers and bamboozlers, that play such tricks; but it seems these fellows were in earnest.

* Several pretenders at that time.
† Kings of Po[lan]d.

J. Bull: I begin to think that Justice is a better rule than Conveniency, for all some people make so slight on't.

CHAPTER VII.

* *Of the hard shifts Mrs. Bull was put to, to preserve the manor of Bullocks Hatch,*[1] *with Sir Roger's method to keep off importunate duns.*

As John Bull and his wife were talking together, they were surprised with a sudden knocking at the door.

"Those wicked scriveners and lawyers no doubt," quoth John, and so it was; some asking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term.

"What a cursed life do I lead," quoth John; "debt is like deadly sin; for God's sake, Sir Roger, get me rid of these fellows."

"I'll warrant you," quoth Sir Roger, "leave them to me."

And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir Roger's method with these importunate duns; his sincere friendship for

* Some attempts to destroy the public credit at that time. Manners of the E[arl] of O[xford].

[1] [To keep the future revenues of the country unmortgaged.]

John Bull made him submit to many things for his service which he would have scorned to have done for himself. Sometimes he would stand at the door with his long staff to keep off the duns until John got out at the back door. When the lawyers and tradesmen brought extravagant bills, Sir Roger used to bargain beforehand for leave to cut off a quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased; he wore a pair of scissors in his pocket for this purpose and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true Goldsmith he kept all your holidays; there was not one wanting in his calendar; when ready money was scarce, he would set them a-telling a thousand pounds in sixpences, groats and threepenny pieces.

It would have done your heart good to have seen him charge through an army of lawyers, attorneys, clerks and tradesmen; sometimes with sword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow stuck like a bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mighty inquisitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country; he would call them all by their names, for he knew everybody and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would send away to see some strange sight, as the dragon at Hockley [in] the Hole; or bid him call the 30th of next February. Now and

then you would see him in the kitchen,* weighing the beef and butter, paying ready money that the maids might not run a tick at the market, and the butchers by bribing of them sell damaged and light meat. Another time he would slip into the cellar and gauge the casks. In his leisure minutes he was posting his books and gathering in his debts. Such frugal methods were necessary where money was so scarce and duns so numerous.

All this while John kept his credits, could show his head both at Change and Westminster Hall; no man protested his bill nor refused his bond. Only the sharpers and scriveners, the lawyers and other clerks pelted Sir Roger as he went along. The squirters were at it with their kennel-water, for they were mad for the loss of their bubble and that they could not get him to mortgage the manor of Bullock's Hatch. Sir Roger shook his ears and nuzzled along, well satisfied within himself that he was doing a charitable work in rescuing an honest man from the claws of harpies and blood-suckers.

Mrs. Bull did all that an affectionate wife and a good housewife could do; yet the boundaries of virtues are indivisible lines, it is impossible to march up close to the frontiers of frugality without entering the

* Some regulations as to the purveyance in the Qu[een']s family.

territories of parsimony. Your good housewives are apt to look into the minutest things.* Therefore some blamed Mrs. Bull for new heel-piecing of her shoes, grudging a quarter of a pound of soap and sand to scour the rooms, but especially† that she would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of John Bunyan, the London Apprentices, or the Seven Champions, in the black letter.

CHAPTER VIII.

A continuation of the conversation betwixt John Bull and his wife.

Mrs. Bull: It is a most sad life we lead, my dear, to be so teased, paying interest for old debts and still contracting new ones. However, I don't blame you for vindicating your honour and chastising old Lewis. To curb the insolent, protect the oppressed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the law. The only thing I want to know is how you came to make an end of your money before you finished your suit.

John Bull: I was told by the learned of the

* Too great savings in the H[ouse] of C[ommon]s.

† Restraining the liberty of the press by Act of P[arliament].

law that my suit stood upon three firm pillars: More Money for More Law, More Law for More Money, and No Composition. More money for more law was plain to a demonstration, for who can go to law without money? And it was as plain that any man that has money may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what composition could be made with a rogue that never kept a word he said?

Mrs. Bull: I think you are most likely to get out of this labyrinth by the second door, by want of ready money to purchase this precious commodity. But you seem not only to have bought too much of it but have paid too dear for what you bought; else how was it possible to run so much in debt, when at this very time the yearly income of what is mortgaged to those usurers would discharge Hocus's bills and give you your bellyful of law for all your life, without running one sixpence in debt? You have been bred up to business; I suppose you can cypher, I wonder you never used your pen and ink.

J. Bull: Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue. Suppose a young heir, heedless, raw and unexperienced, full of spirit and vigour, with a favourite passion, in the hands of money-scriveners. Such fellows are like your wire-drawing mills; if they get hold of a man's finger they will pull in his

whole body at last, till they squeeze the heart, blood and guts out of him. When I wanted money, half a dozen of these fellows were always waiting* in my anti-chamber, with their securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the ready, some farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to lawyers, that like so many hell-hounds were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty and scarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got possession of my best rents, they were able to supply me with my own money. But what was worse, when I looked into the securities there was no clause of redemption.

Mrs. Bull: No clause of redemption, say you? That's hard!

John Bull: No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse trick than that: the same man bought and sold to himself, paid the money and gave the acquittance. The same man was butcher and grazier, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There is something still worse than all this: there came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to discharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker; even my herb-

* Methods of preying upon the necessities of the Government

woman dunned me as I went along the streets (thanks to my friend Sir Roger, else I must have gone to gaol). When I asked the meaning of this, I was told the money went to the lawyers; 'Counsel won't tick, sir,' Hocus was urging; my book-keeper sat sotting all day, playing at putt and all-fours. In short, by griping usurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent servants, I am brought to this pass.

Mrs. Bull: This was hard usage! But methinks the least reflection might have retrieved you.

John Bull: 'Tis true; yet consider my circumstances: my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled; they carried me from tavern to tavern, to ale-houses and brandy-shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange dogs: "There goes the prettiest fellow in the world," says one, "for managing a jury; make him yours. There's another can pick you up witnesses: Sergeant Such-a-one has a silver tongue at the Bar."* I believe in time I should have retained every single person within the Inns of Courts. The night after a trial I treated the lawyers, their wives and daughters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums and trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they placed me

* Hiring still more troops.

in the middle, the attorneys and their clerks dancing about me, whooping and hollowing, "Long live John Bull, the glory and support of the law!"

Mrs. Bull: Really, husband, you went through a very notable course.

John Bull: One of the things that first alarmed me was that they showed† a spite against my poor old Mother.

"Lord!" quoth I, "what makes you so jealous of a poor old innocent gentlewoman, that minds only her prayers and her practice of piety? She never meddles in any of your concerns."

"Foh," say they, "to see a handsome, brisk, genteel young fellow so much governed by a doting old woman, why don't you go and suck the bubby? Do you consider she keeps you out of a good jointure? She has the best of your estate settled upon her for a rent charge. Hang her, old thief, turn her out of doors, seize her lands, and let her go to law if she dares."

"Soft and fair, gentlemen," quoth I, "my Mother's my mother, our family are not of an unnatural temper. Though I don't take all her advice, I won't seize her jointure; long may she enjoy it, good woman, I don't grudge it her. She allows me now and then a brace of hundreds for my law-suit; that's pretty fair."

About this time the Old Gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort of a distemper,* it began

† Railing against the Church.

* Carelessness in forms and discipline.

with a coldness and numbness in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves (I think the physicians call them), seized the brain, and at last ended in a lethargy. It betrayed itself at first in a sort of indifference and carelessness in all her actions, coldness to her best friends, and an aversion to stir or go about the common offices of life. She that was the cleanliest creature in the world never shrunk now if you set a close-stool under her nose. She that would sometimes rattle off her servants pretty sharply, now if she saw them drink or heard them talk profanely never took any notice of it. Instead of her usual charities to deserving persons, she threw away* her money upon roaring swearing bullies and beggars, that went about the streets.

"What is the matter with the Old Gentlewoman?" said everybody. "She never used to do in this manner?"

At last the distemper grew more violent† and threw her downright into raving fits, in which she shrieked out so loud that she disturbed the whole neighbourhood. In her fits she called upon one Sir William.§

* Disposing of some preferments to libertine and unprincipled persons.

† The too violent clamour about the danger of the Church.

§ Sir William, a cant name of Sir Humphrey's for Lord T[reasure]r G[odolphi]n.

"Oh! Sir William, thou hast betrayed me! killed me! stabbed me! sold me to the cuckold of Dover Street! See, see, Clum with his bloody knife! Seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the fury with her hissing snakes! Where's my son John! Is he well! Is he well! Poor man, I pity him!" And abundance more of such strange stuff that nobody could make anything of.

I knew little of the matter, for when I enquired about her health the answer was that "she was in a good moderate way." Physicians were sent for in haste. Sir Roger with great difficulty brought R[adcli]ff; G[ar]th came upon the first message. There were several others called in; but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely at the consultation. At last they divided into two parties, one sided with G[ar]th, the other with R[adcli]ff.†

Dr. G[ar]th: "This case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the Old Woman is whimsical; it is a common thing for your Old Women to be so; I'll pawn my life, blisters, with the steel diet, will recover her."

Others suggested strong purging and letting of blood, because she was plethoric. Some went so far as to say the Old Woman

† G[ar]th the Low Church Party. R[adcli]ff High Church Party.

was mad, and nothing would do better than a little corporal correction.

R[adcli]ff: "Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this case, it is plainly an acute distemper, and she cannot hold out three days unless she is supported with strong cordials."

I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them what they thought of my mother?

"In no manner of danger, I vow to Gad," quoth G[ar]th; "the Old Woman is hysterical, fanciful, sir, I vow to Gad."

"I tell you, sir," says R[adcli]ff, "she cannot live three days to an end unless there is some very effectual course taken with her; she has a malignant fever."

Then 'fool,' 'puppy,' and 'blockhead' were the best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you that one party of the physicians desired I would take my sister Peg into the house to nurse her, but the Old Gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one physician asked if the lady had ever been used to take laudanum? Her maid answered, not that she knew; but indeed there was a high German Liveryman of hers, one YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER,* that gave her a sort of a

* YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER, a Bishop, at that time a great dealer in politics and physic. [*i.e.*, Burnet.]

quack powder. The physician desired to see it: "Nay," says he, "there is *opium* in this, I am sure."

Mrs. Bull: I hope you examined a little into this matter.

John Bull: I did indeed and discovered a great mystery of iniquity. The witnesses made oath that they had heard some of the Liverymen† frequently railing at their mistress.

"They said she was a troublesome fiddle-faddle old woman, and so ceremonious that there was no bearing of her. They were so plagued with bowing and cringing as they went in and out of the room that their backs ached. She used to scold at one for his dirty shoes, at another for his greasy hair and not combing his head; then she was so passionate and fiery in her temper that there was no living with her; she wanted something to sweeten her blood: that they never had a quiet night's rest, for getting up in the morning to early sacraments; they wished they could find some way or another to keep the Old Woman quiet in her bed."

Such discourses were often overheard among the Liverymen, while the said YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit:

† The clergy.

"That she had seen the said YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER, one of the Liverymen, frequently making up of medicines and administering them to all the neighbours; that she saw him one morning make up the powder which her mistress took; that she had the curiosity to ask him whence he had the ingredients? 'They come,' says he 'from several parts of de world; dis I have from Geneva, dat from Rome, this white powder from Amsterdam, and the red from Edinburgh; but the chief ingredient of all comes from Turkey.'"

It was likewise proved that the said YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER had been frequently seen at the Rose with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate spite to his mistress; that "he brought a certain powder to his mistress, which the examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following words: 'Madam, here is grand secret van de warld my sweetening powder, it does temperate de humour, dispel de windt, and cure de vapour; it lulleth and quieteth de animal spirits, procuring rest and pleasant dreams; it is de infallible receipt for de scurvy, all heats in de bloodt, and breaking out upon de skin: it is de true bloodt stancher, stopping all fluxes of de bloodt. If you do take dis, you will never ail any ding; it will cure you of all diseases.' And abundance more to this

purpose, which the examinant does not remember."

John Bull was interrupted in his story by a porter, that brought him a letter from Nicholas Frog, which is as follows:

CHAPTER IX.

A copy of Nic. Frog's Letter to John Bull.*

[John Bull reads.]

" Friend John,

What *schellum* is it that makes thee jealous of thy old friend Nicholas? Hast thou forgot how some years ago he took thee out of the† Spunging-house? ['*Tis true, my friend Nic. did so, and I thank him; but he made me pay a swinging reckoning.*] Thou begin'st now to repent the bargain that thou wast so fond of; and, if thou durst, would forswear thy own hand and seal. Thou sayest that thou hast purchased me too great an estate already; when, at the same time, thou know'st I have only a mortgage. 'Tis true I have possession, and the tenants own me for master; but has

* A letter from the S[tate]s G[enera]l.
† Alluding to the Re[volutio]n.

not Esquire South the equity of redemption? [*No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily; poor Nic. has only possession, eleven points of the law.*] As for the turnpikes* I have set up, they are for other people, not for my friend John; I have ordered my servant constantly to attend to let thy carriages through without paying anything; only I hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to spoil my ways. Certainly I have just cause of offence against thee, my friend, for supposing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel. What houndsfoot is it that puts these whims in thy head? Ten thousand last of devils haul me if I don't love thee as I love my life. [*No question, as the devil loves holy water!*] Does not thy own hand and seal oblige thee to purchase for me till I say it is enough? Are not these words plain? I say it is not enough. Dost thou think thy friend Nicholas Frog made a child's bargain? Mark the words of thy contract, *tota pecunia*, with all thy money. [*Very well! I have purchased with my own money, my children's, and my grandchildren's money, is not that enough? Well,* tota pecunia *let it be, for at present I have none at all. He would not have me purchase with other people's money sure, since* tota pecunia *is the bargain; I think it is plain, no more money, no more purchase.*] And

* The D[ut]ch prohibition of trade.

whatever the world may say, Nicholas Frog is but a poor man in comparison of the rich, the opulent John Bull, great clothier of the world. I have had many losses, six of my best sheep were drowned, and the water has come into my cellar and spoiled a pipe of my best brandy. It would be a more friendly act in thee to carry a brief about the country to repair the losses of thy poor friend. Is it not evident to all the world that I am still hemmed in by Lewis Baboon? Is he not just upon my borders? [*And so he will be if I purchase a thousand acres more, unless he get somebody betwixt them.*]

"I tell thee, friend John, thou hast flatterers that persuade thee that thou art a man of business; do not believe them. If thou would'st still leave thy affairs in my hands thou should'st see how handsomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou should'st be dazzled with the enchanted islands and mountains of gold that old Lewis promises thee! 'Dswounds! why dost thou not lay out thy money to purchase a place at court, of honest Israel? I tell thee, thou must not so much as think of a composition. [*Not think of a composition, that's hard indeed; I can't help thinking of it, if I would.*] Thou complain'st of want of money: let thy wife and daughters burn the gold lace upon their petticoats; sell thy fat cattle, retrench but a

sirloin of beef and a peck loaf in a week from thy gormandizing guts. [*Retrench my beef, a dog! Retrench my beef! Then it is plain the rascal has an ill design upon me, he would starve me.*] Mortgage thy manor of Bullock's Hatch, or pawn thy crop for ten years. [*A rogue! Part with my country seat, my patrimony, all that I have left in the world! I'll see him hanged first.*] Why hast thou changed thy attorney? Can any man manage thy cause better for thee? [*Very pleasant! Because a man has a good attorney, he must never make an end of his law-suit.*] Ah John John, I wish thou knew'st thy own mind: thou art as fickle as the wind. I tell thee, thou had'st better let this composition alone, or leave it to thy

Loving friend,

Nic. Frog."

CHAPTER X.

Of some extraordinary things that passed at the Salutation Tavern, in the conference between Bull, Frog, Esquire South, and Lewis Baboon.*

Frog had given his word that he would meet the above-mentioned company at the Salutation, to talk of this agreement. Though he durst not directly break his appointment, he made many a shuffling excuse: one time he pretended to be seized with the gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold that had struck him deaf of one ear; afterwards two of his coach-horses fell sick, and he durst not go by water for fear of catching an ague. John would take no excuse, but hurried him away.

"Come Nic.," says he, "let's go and hear at least what this old fellow has to propose; I hope there's no hurt in that."

"Be it so," quoth Nic.; "but if I catch any harm, woe be to you; my wife and children will curse you as long as they live."

When they were come to the Salutation,

* The treaty of Ut[rec]ht, the difficulty to get them to meet. When met, the D[utc]h would not speak their sentiments, nor the F[renc]h deliver in their proposals. The House of Au[stri]a talked very high.

John concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with law affairs; he thought everybody as plain and sincere as he was.

"Well neighbours," quoth he, "let's now make an end of all matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come; if everybody is as well inclined as I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our affairs."

And so pointing to Frog to say something, to the great surprise of all the company Frog was seized with a dead palsy in the tongue. John began to ask him some plain questions, and whooped and holloaed in his ear.

"Let's come to the point Nic! Who would'st thou have to be Lord Strutt? Would'st thou have Philip Baboon?"

Nic. shook his head and said nothing.

"Wilt thou then have Esq. South to be Lord Strutt?"

Nic. shook his head a second time.

"Then who the devil wilt thou have? Say something or another."

Nic. opened his mouth, and pointed to his tongue, and cried, "A, a, a, a!" which was as much as to say he could not speak.

John Bull: Shall I serve Philip Baboon with broad-cloth, and accept of the composition that he offers, with the liberty of his parks and fish-ponds?

Then Nic. roared like a bull, "O, o, o, o!"

John Bull: If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyself?

Then Nic. grinned, cackled, and laughed, till he was like to kill himself, and seemed to be so pleased that he fell a-frisking and dancing about the room.

John Bull: Shall I leave all this matter to thy management, Nic., and go about my business?

Then Nic. got up a glass and drank to John, shaking him by the hand till he had like to have shook his shoulder out of joint.

John Bull: I understand thee, Nic; but I shall make thee speak before I go.

Then Nic. put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry buck; which was as much as to say, 'I care not a farthing for thee.'

John Bull: I have done, Nic. If thou wilt not speak I'll make my own terms with old Lewis here.

Then Nic. lolled out his tongue, and turned up his bum to him; which was as much as to say, 'kiss ——.'

John, perceiving that Frog would not speak, turns to old Lewis:

"Since we cannot make this obstinate fellow speak, Lewis, pray condescend a little to his humour, and set down thy meaning upon paper, that he may answer it in another scrap."

"I am infinitely sorry," quoth Lewis,

"that it happens so unfortunately; for playing a little at cudgels t'other day, a fellow has given me such a rap over the right arm that I am quite lame: I have lost the use of my forefinger and my thumb, so that I cannot hold my pen."

John Bull: That's all one, let me write for you.

Lewis: But I have a misfortune, that I cannot read anybody's hand but my own.

John Bull: Try what you can do with your left hand.

Lewis: That's impossible; it will make such a scrawl that it will not be legible.

As they were talking of this matter, in came Esquire South, all dressed up in feathers and ribbons, stark staring mad, brandishing his sword as if he would have cut off their heads; crying, "Room, room, boys, for the grand Esquire of the world![1] The flower of Esquires! What, covered in my presence? I'll crush your souls,[2] and crack you like lice!" With that he had like to have struck John Bull's hat into the fire; but John, who was pretty strong-fisted, gave him such a squeeze as made his eyes water. He went on still in his mad pranks: "When I am Lord of the Universe, the sun shall

[1] [Archduke Charles had now been elected Emperor (1711).]

[2] [Sculls, *i.e.*, skulls?]

prostrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, shalt be my bailiff; Lewis my tailor; and thou, John Bull, shall be my fool!"

All this while Frog laughed in his sleeve, gave the Esquire t'other noggin of brandy, and clapped him on the back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor John stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: "Well, John, thou art got into rare company! One has a dumb devil, t'other a mad devil, and the third a spirit of infirmity. An honest man has a fine time on't amongst such rogues. What art thou asking of them, after all? Some mighty boon, one would think! Only to sit quietly at thy own fireside. 'Sdeath, what have I to do with such fellows! John Bull, after all his losses and crosses, can live better without them than they can without him. Would to God I lived a thousand leagues off them! But the devil's in't; John Bull is in, and John Bull must get out as well as he can."

As he was talking to himself, he observed Frog and Old Lewis edging towards one another to whisper;* so that John was forced to sit with his arms a-kimbo, to keep them asunder.

Some people advised John to blood Frog under the tongue or take away his bread and

* Some attempts of secret negotiation between the F[renc]h and D[utc]h.

butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire South hellebore; as for Lewis, some were for emollient poultices, others for opening his arm with an incision-knife.

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* CHAPTER XI.

The apprehending, examination, and imprisonment of Jack, for suspicion of poisoning.

The attentive reader cannot have forgot that the story of YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER'S powder was interrupted by a message from Frog. I have a natural compassion for curiosity, being much troubled with the distemper myself; therefore to gratify that uneasy itching sensation in my reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

YAN PTSCHIRNSOOKER came off (as rogues usually do upon such occasions) by peaching his partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the gallows, Jack was accused† as the contriver of all the roguery. And

* The four following chapters contain the history of passing the Bill against *Occasional Conformity*, and of the Whigs agreeing to it.

† All the misfortunes of the Church charged upon the P[resbyteri]an party.

indeed it happened unfortunately for the poor fellow that he was known to bear a most inveterate spite against the Old Gentlewoman; and, consequently, that never any ill accident happened to her but he was suspected to be at the bottom of it. If she pricked her finger, Jack to be sure laid the pin in the way. If some noise in the street disturbed her rest, who could it be but Jack in some of his nocturnal rambles? If a servant run away, Jack had debauched him. Every idle tittle-tattle that went about, Jack was always suspected for the author of it. However, all was nothing to this last affair of the temperating, moderating powder.

The hue and cry went after Jack to apprehend him dead or alive, wherever he could be found. The constables looked out for him in all his usual haunts, but to no purpose. Where d'ye think they found him at last? Even smoking his pipe very quietly at his brother Martin's; from whence he was carried, with a vast mob at his heels, before the worshipful Mr. Justice Overdo.

Several of his neighbours made oath that of late the prisoner had been observed to lead* a very dissolute life, renouncing even his usual hypocrisy and pretences to sobriety: That he frequented Taverns and eating-houses, and

* The manners of the dissenters changed from their former strictness.

had been often guilty of drunkenness and gluttony at my Lord Mayor's table: That he had been seen in the company of lewd women: That he had transferred his usual care of the engrossed copy of his father's will to bank bills, orders for tallies, and debentures.† These he now affirmed with more literal truth to be *meat, drink, and cloth, the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine*‡ That he was so far from showing his customary reverence to the will, that he kept company with those that called his father a cheating rogue, and his will a forgery.§ That he not only sat quietly and heard his father railed at, but often chimed in with the discourse, and hugged the authors as his bosom friends: That *instead of asking for blows at the corners of the streets** he now bestowed them as plentifully as he begged them before. In short, that he was grown a mere rake, and had nothing left in him of old Jack except his spite to John Bull's Mother.

Another witness made oath that Jack had been overheard bragging of a trick†† he had

† Dealing much in stock-jobbing.

‡ Tale of a Tub.

§ Herding with deists and atheists.

* Tale of a Tub.

†† Getting into places and Church preferments by occasional conformity.

found out to manage the *old formal jade*, as he used to call her.

"Damn this numbed skull of mine," quoth he, "that I could not light on it sooner. As long as I go in this ragged tattered coat I am so well known that I am hunted away from the Old Woman's door by every barking cur about the house; they bid me defiance. There's no doing mischief as an open enemy, I must find some way or other of getting within doors, and then I shall have better opportunities of playing my pranks, besides the benefit of good keeping."

Two witnesses swore* that several years ago there came to their mistress's door a young fellow in a tattered coat that went by the name of Timothy Trim,[1] whom they did in their conscience believe to be the very prisoner, resembling him in shape, stature, and features of his countenance: That the said Timothy Trim being taken into the family, clapped their mistress's livery over his own tattered coat: That the said Timothy was extremely officious about their mistress's person, endeavouring by flattery and tale-bearing to set her against the rest of the servants: nobody was so ready to fetch anything that was wanted or reach what was

* Betraying the interests of the Church when got into preferments.

[1] [A reference to the Trimmers, or Low Church party, of Charles II's reign.]

dropped. That he used to shove and elbow his fellow servants to get near his mistress, especially when money was a-paying or receiving, then he was never out of the way: That he was extremely diligent about everybody's business but his own. That the said Timothy, while he was in the family, used to be playing roguish tricks; when his mistress's back was turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like a Harlequin, ridiculing her motions and gestures; but if his mistress looked about, he put on a grave demure countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion. That he used often to trip up stairs so smoothly that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order; that he would pinch the children and servants, when he met them in the dark, so hard that he left the print of his forefingers and his thumb in black and blue; and then slink into a corner, as if nobody had done it. Out of the same malicious design, he used to lay chairs and joint-stools in their way, that they might break their noses by falling over them. The more young and unexperienced he used to teach to talk saucily and call names. During his stay in the family there was much plate missing; being catched with a couple of silver spoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he said he was only going to

carry them to the goldsmith's to be mended. That the said Timothy was hated by all the honest servants for his ill-conditioned, splenetic, tricks, but especially for his slanderous tongue; traducing them to their mistress as drunkards, thieves and whore-masters. That the said Timothy by lying stories used to set all the family together by the ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; particularly one day sitting at table he spoke words to this effect:

"I am of opinion," quoth he, "that little short fellows, such as we are, have better hearts, and could beat the tall fellows; I wish it came to a fair trial, I believe these long fellows, as sightly as they are, should find their jackets well thwacked." *

A parcel of tall fellows who thought themselves affronted by this discourse took up the quarrel, and to it they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues still a faction in the family, to the great disorder of our mistress's affairs. The said Timothy carried this frolic so far that he proposed to his mistress that she should entertain no servant that was above four foot seven inches high, and for that purpose had prepared a gauge by which they were to be measured. The good Old Gentlewoman was not so simple

* The original of the distinction in the names of Low Churchmen and High Churchmen.

as to go into his projects, she began to smell a rat.

"This Trim," quoth she, "is an odd sort of a fellow, methinks he makes a strange figure with that ragged, tattered coat appearing under his livery. Can't he go spruce and clean, like the rest of the servants? The fellow has a roguish leer with him, which I don't like by any means; besides, he has such a twang in his discourse and an ungraceful way of speaking through the nose, that one can hardly understand him; I wish the fellow be not tainted with some bad disease."

The witnesses further made oath that the said Timothy lay out a-nights and went abroad often at unseasonable hours; and it was credibly reported he did business in another family: That he pretended to have a squeamish stomach and could not eat at table with the rest of the servants, though this was but a pretence to provide some nice bit for himself: That he refused to dine upon salt-fish, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf's head (his favourite dish) in private: That for all his tender stomach, when he was got by himself, he would devour capons, turkeys and surloins of beef like a cormorant.

Two other witnesses gave the following evidence: That in his officious attendance upon his mistress, he had tried to slip a

powder into her drink, and that he was once caught endeavouring to stifle her with a pillow as she was asleep; that he and PTSCHIRNSOOKER were often in close conference, and that they used to drink together at the Rose, where it seems he was well enough known by his true name of Jack.

The prisoner had little to say in his defence; he endeavoured to prove himself *alibi;* so that the trial turned upon this single question, whether the said Timothy Trim and Jack were the same person? which was proved by such plain tokens, and particularly by a mole under the left pap, that there was no withstanding the evidence; therefore the worshipful Mr. Justice committed him in order to his trial.

CHAPTER XII.

How Jack's friends came to visit him in prison, and what advice they gave him.

Jack hitherto had passed in the world for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were strangely surprised to find him in such a roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false name, hire himself out for a servant to an old

gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poison her. They said that it was more generous to profess open enmity than, under a profound dissimulation, to be guilty of such a scandalous breach of trust and of the sacred rights of hospitality. In short, the action was universally condemned by his best friends. They told him in plain terms that this was come as a judgment upon him for his loose life, his gluttony, drunkenness, and avarice, for laying aside his father's will in an old mouldy trunk and turning stock-jobber, newsmonger and busybody, meddling with other people's affairs, shaking off his old serious friends and keeping company with buffoons and pickpockets, his father's sworn enemies: that he had best throw himself upon the mercy of the court, repent, and change his manners. To say truth, Jack heard these discourses with some compunction; however, he resolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him. They sent Habakkuk Slyboots,* who delivered him the following message as the peremptory commands of his trusty companions:

Habakkuk: Dear Jack, I am sorry for thy misfortune. Matters have not been carried

* Habakkuk Slyboots, a certain great man who persuaded the dissenters to consent to the Bill against Occasional Conformity, as being for their interest. [*i.e.*, Lord Somers.]

on with due secrecy; however, we must make the best of a bad bargain. Thou art in the utmost jeopardy, that's certain. Hang, draw, and quarter are the gentlest things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy security, bid me tell thee that they have one infallible expedient left to save thy life. Thou must know we have got into some understanding with the enemy, by the means of Don Diego;† he assures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to escape; it is indeed somewhat out of the common road; however, be assured it is the result of most mature deliberation.

Jack: Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is sunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

Hab.: It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you make as if you hanged yourself;‡ they will give it out that you are quite dead and convey your body out of prison in a bier; and John Bull, being busied with his law-suit, will not enquire further into the matter.

Jack: How d'ye mean, make as if I hanged myself?

Hab.: Nay, you must really hang yourself up, in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the rest to your friends.

† A noble Tory lord. [Nottingham.]
‡ Consent to the Bill against Occasional Conformity

Jack: Truly this is a matter of some concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill if I enquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me. A rope and a noose are no jesting matters!

Hab.: Why so mistrustful? Hast thou ever found us false to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack: May I presume to ask who it is that is entrusted with so important an office?

Hab.: Is there no end of thy How's and thy Why's? That's a secret.

Jack: A secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no strange thing for a man, before he hangs himself up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab.: Thou suspicious creature! If thou must needs know it, I tell thee it is Sir Roger;* he has been in tears ever since thy misfortune. Don Diego and we have laid it so that he is to be in the next room, and before the rope is well about thy neck rest satisfied he will break in and cut thee down. Fear not old boy; we'll do't, I'll warrant thee.

Jack: So I must hang myself up, upon hopes that Sir Roger will cut me down, and all

* It was given out that the E[arl] of O[xfor]d would oppose the Occasional Bill, and so lose his credit with the Tories; and the dissenters did believe he would not suffer it to pass.

this upon the credit of Don Diego. A fine stratagem indeed to save my life that depends upon hanging, Don Diego, and Sir Roger!

Hab.: I tell thee there is a mystery in all this, my friend, a piece of profound policy; if thou knew what good this will do to the common cause, thy heart would leap for joy. I'm sure thou would'st not delay the experiment one moment.

Jack: This is to the tune of *All for the better*. What's your cause to me when I am hanged?

Hab.: Refractory mortal! If thou wilt not trust thy friends, take what follows; know assuredly before next full moon that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the most conspicuous places of the kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with hanging; they talk of empaling, or breaking on the wheel; and thou choosest that, before a gentle suspending of thyself for one minute! Hanging is not so painful a thing as thou imaginest. I have spoke with several that have undergone it, they all agree it is no manner of uneasiness. Be sure thou take good notice of the symptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels and a wry mouth or so; Sir Roger will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack: But what if Sir Roger should not

come? Will my friends be there to succour me?

Hab.: Doubt it not; I will provide everything against to-morrow morning, do thou keep thy own secret, say nothing. I tell thee it is absolutely necessary for the common good that thou should'st go through this operation.

CHAPTER XIII.

How Jack hanged himself up by the persuasion of his friends, who broke their word, and left his neck in the noose.

Jack was a professed enemy to *Implicit Faith*, and yet I dare say it was never more strongly exerted nor more basely abused than upon this occasion. He was now with his old friends in the state of a poor disbanded officer after a peace, or rather a wounded soldier after a battle, like an old favourite of a cunning minister after the job is over, or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in quest of new game, or like an hundred such things that one sees every day. There were new intrigues, new views, new projects on foot; Jack's life was the purchase of Diego's friendship, much good may it do them.

The interest of Hocus and Sir William Crawley,[1] which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor Jack absolutely necessary. You may easily guess that his rest that night was but small and much disturbed; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as his custom was formerly) in prayer, meditation, or singing a double verse of a Psalm, but amused himself with disposing of his bank-stock. Many a doubt, many a qualm, overspread his clouded imagination:

"Must I then," quoth he, "hang up my own personal, natural, individual self with these two hands! *Durus Sermo!* What if I should be cut down, as my friends tell me? There is something infamous in the very attempt; the world will conclude I had a guilty conscience. Is it possible that good man, Sir Roger, can have so much pity upon an unfortunate scoundrel that has persecuted him so many years? No, it cannot be. I don't love favours that pass through Don Diego's hands. On the other side, my blood chills about my heart at the thought of these rogues with their bloody hands grabbling in my guts and pulling out my very entrails. Hang it, for once I'll trust my friends."

So Jack resolved; but he had done more wisely to have put himself upon the trial of

[1] [Godolphin, called above "Sir William."]

his country and made his defence in form; many things happen between the cup and the lip. Witnesses might have been bribed, juries managed, or prosecution stopped. But so it was, Jack for this time had a sufficient stock of implicit faith, which led him to his ruin, as the sequel of the story shows.

And now the fatal day was come in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed hour to see it put in practice. Habakkuk brought him a smooth, strong, tough rope, made of many a ply of wholesome Scandinavian hemp, compactly twisted together, with a noose that slipped as glib as a bird-catcher's gin. Jack shrunk and grew pale at first sight of it, he handled it, measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the iron bar of the window to try its strength, but no familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickness, and the twist, nay, the very colour did not please him.

"Will nothing less than hanging serve," quoth Jack. "Won't my enemies take bail for my good behaviour? Will they accept of a fine, or be satisfied with the pillory and imprisonment, a good round whipping, or burning in the cheek?"

Habakkuk: Nothing but your blood will

appease their rage; make haste, else we shall be discovered. There's nothing like surprising the rogues. How they will be disappointed when they hear that thou hast prevented their revenge and hanged thine own self!

Jack: That's true; but what if I should do it in effigies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my stead? We are not so unlike but it may pass.

Hab.: That can never be put upon Sir Roger.

Jack: Are you sure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very sharp knife, in case of the worst?

Hab.: Dost take me for a common liar? Be satisfied no damage can happen to your person, your friends will take care of that.

Jack: Mayn't I quilt my rope? It galls my neck strangely. Besides, I don't like this running knot, it holds too tight, I may be stifled all of a sudden.

Hab.: Thou hast so many If's and And's; prithee dispatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack: But now I think on't, I would fain settle some affairs, for fear of the worst. Have a little patience.

Hab.: There's no having patience, thou art such a faintling, silly creature.

Jack: O thou most detestable, abominable, *Passive Obedience!* Did I ever imagine I

should become thy votary in so pregnant an instance! How will my brother Martin laugh at this story, to see himself outdone in his own calling! He has taken the doctrine and left me the practice.

No sooner had he uttered these words but, like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a tub, the inside of which he had often graced in his prosperous days. This footstool Habakkuk kicked away, and left poor Jack swinging like the pendulum of Paul's clock. The fatal noose performed its office, and with most strict ligature squeezed the blood into his face till it assumed a purple dye. While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, Habakkuk walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room to acquaint his friends, who received the news with great temper and with jeers and scoffs instead of pity.

"Jack has hanged himself!" quoth they. "Let us go and see how the poor rogue swings."

Then they called Sir Roger.

"Sir Roger," quoth Habakkuk, "Jack has hanged himself, make haste and cut him down."

Sir Roger turned first one ear and then t'other, not understanding what he said.

Hab.: I tell you Jack has hanged himself up.

Sir Roger: Who's hanged?

Hab.: Jack.

Sir Roger: I thought this had not been hanging day.

Hab.: But the poor fellow has hanged himself.

Sir Roger: Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the fellow has been mad these twenty years.

With this he slunk away.

Then Jack's friends began to hunch and push one another. "Why don't you go and cut the poor fellow down?" "Why don't you?" "And why don't you?" "Not I," quoth one; "Not I," quoth another; "Not I," quoth a third, "he may hang 'till doomsday before I relieve him." Nay, it is credibly reported that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstances that PTSCHIRNSOOKER and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the legs and thumped him on the breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had advised and justified before, viz., his getting into the Old Gentlewoman's family and putting on her livery.

The keeper who performed the last office coming up, found Jack swinging, with no life

in him; he took down the body gently and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company.

"This, gentlemen, is the rope that hanged Jack. What must be done with it?"

Upon which they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities of Gresham College, and it is called Jack's rope to this very day.

However, Jack after all had some small tokens of life in him, but lies at this time past hopes of a total recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion. The coroner's inquest supposing him to be dead, brought him in *non compos*.

CHAPTER XIV.

The conference between Don Diego and John Bull.

During the time of the foregoing transaction, Don Diego was entertaining John Bull.

D. Diego: I hope, sir, this day's proceeding will convince you of the sincerity of your old friend Diego and the treachery of Sir Roger.

J. Bull: What's the matter now?

D. Diego: You have been endeavouring for several years to have justice done upon that

rogue Jack, but what through the remissness of constables, justices and packed juries, he has always found the means to escape.

J. Bull: What then?

D. Diego: Consider then who is your best friend, he that would have brought him to condign punishment, or he that has saved him. By my persuasion Jack had hanged himself, if Sir Roger had not cut him down.

J. Bull: Who told you that Sir Roger has done so?

D. Diego: You seem to receive me coldly; methinks my services deserve a better return.

J. Bull: Since you value yourself upon hanging this poor scoundrel, I tell you when I have any more hanging work I'll send for thee. I have some better employment for Sir Roger. In the meantime I desire the poor fellow may be looked after. When he first came out of the north country into my family, under the pretended name of Timothy Trim, the fellow seemed to mind his loom and his spinning-wheel, till somebody turned his head; then he grew so pragmatical that he took upon him the government of my whole family. I could never order anything, within or without doors, but he must be always giving his counsel, forsooth. Nevertheless, tell him I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his business for the future and not meddle out of his own sphere,

he will find that John Bull is not of a cruel disposition.

D. Diego: Yet all your skilful physicians say that nothing can recover your Mother but a piece of Jack's liver boiled in her soup.

J. Bull: Those are quacks. My Mother abhors such cannibal's food; she is in perfect health at present. I would have given many a good pound to have had her so well some time ago. There are indeed two or three troublesome old nurses, that, because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet night's rest with knocking me up: "Oh, sir, your mother is taken extremely ill! She is fall'n into a fainting fit! She has a great emptiness, wants sustenance!" * This is only to recommend themselves for their great care. John Bull, as simple as he is, understands a little of a pulse.

CHAPTER XV.

The sequel of the meeting at the Salutation.†

Where I think I left John Bull [was] sitting between Nic. Frog and Lewis Baboon, with his arms a-kimbo, in great concern to

* New clamours about the dangers of the Church.

† At the Congress of U[tre]cht.

keep Lewis and Nic. asunder. As watchful as he was, Nic. found the means now and then to steal a whisper, and by a cleanly conveyance under the table to slip a short note into Lewis's hand; which Lewis as slyly put into John's pocket, with a pinch or a jog to warn him what he was about. John had the curiosity to retire into a corner to peruse these *billets doux*† of Nic's; wherein he found that Nic. had used great freedoms, both with his interest and reputation. One contained these words:

"Dear Lewis, thou seest clearly that this blockhead can never bring his matters to bear. Let thee and me talk to-night by ourselves at the Rose, and I'll give thee satisfaction."

Another was thus expressed:

"Friend Lewis, has thy sense quite forsaken thee to make Bull such offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better bargain, I'll warrant thee."

In some of his billets he told Lewis "that John Bull was under his guardianship; that the best part of his servants were at his command; that he could have John gagged and bound whenever he pleased by the people of his own family." In all these epistles, blockhead, dunce, ass, coxcomb, were the best epithets he gave poor John. In others he

† Some offers of the D[utc]h at that time, in order to get the negotiation into their hands.

threatened,† "that he, Esquire South, and the rest of the tradesmen would lay Lewis down upon his back and beat out his teeth if he did not retire immediately and break up the meeting."

I fancy I need not tell my reader that John often changed colours as he read, and that his fingers itched to give Nic. a good slap on the chops; but he wisely moderated his choleric temper.

"* I saved this fellow," quoth he, "from the gallows when he ran away from his last master, because I thought he was harshly treated; but the rogue was no sooner safe under my protection than he began to lie, pilfer, and steal like the devil. When I first set him up in a warm house, he had hardly put up his sign when he began to debauch my best customers from me. * Then it was his constant practice to rob my fish-ponds, not only to feed his family but to trade with the fishmongers. I connived at the fellow till he began to tell me that they were his as much as mine. In my manor of * Eastcheap, because it lay at some distance from my constant inspection, he broke down

† Threatening that the Allies would carry on the war without the help of the E[ngli]sh.

* * * Complaints against the D[utc]h for encroachment in trade, fishery, East Indies, etc. The war with the D[utc]h on these accounts.

my fences, robbed my orchards, and beat my servants. When I used to reprimand him for his tricks he would talk saucily, lie, and brazen it out, as if he had done nothing amiss.

"Will nothing cure thee of thy pranks Nic?" quoth I. "I shall be forced some time or another to chastise thee." The rogue got up his cane and threatened me, and was well thwacked for his pains. But I think his behaviour at this time worst of all; after I have almost drowned myself to keep his head above water, he would leave me sticking in the mud, trusting to his goodness to help me out. After I have beggared myself with his troublesome law-suit, with a pox to him, he takes it in mighty dudgeon because I have brought him here to end matters amicably, and because I won't let him make me over by deed and indenture as his lawful cully; which to my certain knowledge he has attempted several times.

"But after all, can'st thou gather grapes from thorns? Nic. does not pretend to be a gentleman; he is a tradesman, a self-seeking wretch; but how camest thou to bear all this, John? The reason is plain. Thou conferrest the benefits, and he receives them; the first produces love, and the last ingratitude. Ah! Nic., Nic., thou art a damned dog, that's certain; thou knowest too well that I will take care of thee, else thou would'st not use me

thus. I won't give thee up, it is true; but as true as it is, thou shalt not sell me, according to thy laudable custom."

While John was deep in this soliloquy, Nic. broke out into the following protestation:

"Gentlemen,

I believe everybody here present will allow me to be a very just and disinterested person. My friend John Bull here is very angry with me, forsooth, because I won't agree to his foolish bargains. Now I declare to all mankind I should be ready to sacrifice my own concerns to his quiet; but the care of his interest, and that of the honest tradesmen* that are embarked with us, keeps me from entering into this composition. What shall become of those poor creatures? The thoughts of their impending ruin disturbs my night's rest, therefore I desire they may speak for themselves. If they are willing to give up this affair, I shan't make two words of it."

John Bull begged him to lay aside that immoderate concern for him; and withal put him in mind that the interest of those tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon him some years ago, on a like occasion. Nic. answered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatswain's whistle. Upon the first whiff the tradesmen came jumping into the room and began to surround Lewis like so

* The A[llie]s.

many yelping curs about a great boar; or, to use a modester simile, like duns at a great lord's levee the morning he goes into the country. One pulled him by the sleeve, another by the skirt, a third halloaed in his ear. They began to ask him for all that had been taken from their forefathers by stealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchase. Some asked for manors, others for acres that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his fences, level his ditches. All agreed in one common demand, that he should be purged, sweated, vomited, and starved, till he came to a sizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours. One modestly asked him leave to call him brother; Nic. Frog demanded two things, to be his porter and his fishmonger, to keep the keys of his gates and furnish his kitchen. John's sister Peg only desired that he would let his servants sing Psalms a-Sundays. Some descended even to the asking of old clothes, shoes, and boots, broken bottles, tobacco-pipes, and ends of candles.

"Monsieur Bull," quoth Lewis, "you seem to be a man of some breeding; for God's sake use your interest with these messieurs that they would speak but one at once; for if one had a hundred pair of hands and as many tongues, he cannot satisfy them all at this rate."

John begged they might proceed with

some method; then they stopped all of a sudden and would not say a word.

"If this be your play," quoth John, "that we may not be like a quaker's dumb meeting, let us begin some diversion; what d'ye think of rouly-pouly, or a country dance? What if we should have a match at football? I am sure we shall never end matters at this rate."

CHAPTER XVI.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog settled their Accounts.

J. Bull: During this general cessation of talk, what if you and I, Nic., should enquire how money matters stand between us?

Nic. Frog: With all my heart, I love exact dealings; and let Hocus audit; he knows how the money was disbursed.

J. Bull: I am not much for that at present; we'll settle it between ourselves. Fair and square, Nic., keeps friends together. There have been laid out in the law-suit at one time 36,000 pounds and 40,000 crowns. In some cases I, in others you, bear the greatest proportion.

Nic.: Right. I pay three-fifths of the

greatest number, and you pay two-thirds of the lesser number. I think this is fair and square as you call it.

John: Well, go on.

Nic.: Two-thirds of 36,000 pounds are 24,000 pounds for your share, and there remains 12,000 for mine. Again, of the 40,000 crowns I pay 24,000, which is three-fifths, and you pay only 16,000, which is two-fifths; 24,000 crowns make 6,000 pounds, and 16,000 crowns make 4,000 pounds; 12,000 and 6,000 make 18,000; 24,000 and 4,000 make 28,000. So there are 18,000 pounds to my share of the expenses, and 28,000 to yours.

After Nic. had bamboozled John awhile about the 18,000 and the 28,000, John called for counters; but what with sleight of hand and taking from his own score and adding to John's, Nic. brought the balance always on his own side.

J. Bull: Nay, good friend Nic. though I am not quite so nimble in the fingers I understand cyphering as well as you. I will produce you my accounts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books. And here I begin with the first. You must excuse me if I don't pronounce the law terms right.

[*John Reads.*]

"For the expenses ordinary of the suits, fees to judges, puny judges, lawyers innumerable of all sorts ——————

Of *Extraordinaries*, as follows *per* account

To Esquire South's account for *post Terminums* ———————

To ditto for *Non est Factums* ———————

To ditto for *Noli Prosequi's*, *Discontinuance*, and *Retraxit* ———————

For *Writs of Error* ———————

Suits of *Conditions unperformed* ———————

To Hocus for *Dedimus potestatem* ———————

To ditto for a *Capias ad computandum* ——

To Frog's new tenants *per* account to Hocus, for *Audita querela's* ———————

On the said account for writs of *Ejectment* and *Destringas* ———————

To Esquire South's quota for a return of a *Non est invent.* and *Nulla habet bona*———————

To —— for a pardon *in forma pauperis* —

To Jack for a *Melius inquirendum* upon a *Felo de se* ———————

To coach-hire ———————

For treats to juries and witnesses ——— ''

John having read over his articles with the respective sums, brought in Frog debtor to him upon the balance—£3,382 12s.

Then Nic. Frog pulled his bill out of his pocket, and began to read :

" Nicholas Frog's Account.

Remains to be deducted out of the former Account.

Paid by Nic. Frog for his share of the ordinary expenses of the suit ————————

To Hocus for entries of a *Rege inconsulto* —

To John Bull's nephew[1] for a *Venire facias*, the money not yet all laid out ————————

The coach-hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my goods during the time of this law-suit ————————

For the extraordinary expenses of feeding my family during this law-suit ————————

To Major Ab. ————————

To Major Will. ———————— ,,

And summing all up, found due upon the balance by

John Bull to Nic. Frog—09—04—06[2]

John Bull: As for your *Venire facias*, I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be nonsuited. I'll take care of my nephew myself. Your coach-hire and family charges are most unreasonable deductions; at that rate I can bring in any man in the world my debtor. But who the devil are those two Majors that consume all my money? I find they always run away with the balance in all accounts.

Nic. Frog: Two very honest gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some service. To tell you plainly, Major Ab. denotes thy

[1] [The Elector of Hanover.]

[2] [£9 4s. 6d.]

greater *ability*, and Major Will. thy greater *willingness* to carry on this law-suit. It was but reasonable thou should'st pay both for thy power and thy positiveness.

J. Bull: I believe I shall have those two honest Majors discount on my side in a little time.

Nic Frog: Why all this higgling with thy friend about such a paltry sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich John Bull? I wonder thou art not ashamed. Oh Hocus! Hocus! Where art thou? It used to go another guess manner in thy time. When a poor man has almost undone himself for thy sake, thou art for fleecing him and fleecing him; is that thy conscience, John?

J. Bull: Very pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy lawyers by the year, so a fresh law-suit adds but little to thy expenses;* they are thy customers, I hardly ever sell them a farthing's worth of anything. Nay, thou hast set up an eating-house, where the whole tribe of them spend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckoned I believe thou get'st more of my money than thou spendest of thy own. However, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at least that thy accounts are false.

Nic. Frog: No marry won't I, I refer myself to these honest gentlemen, let them judge

* The money spent in H[olland]d and Fl[ander]s.

between us. Let Esquire South speak his mind whether my accounts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our law-suit.

J. Bull: Consult the butchers about keeping of Lent. Dost think that John Bull will be tried by Pypowders?[1] I tell you once for all, John Bull knows where his shoe pinches. None of your Esquires shall give him the law as long as he wears this trusty weapon by his side or has an inch of broad-cloth in his shop.

Nic. Frog: Why there it is, you will be both judge and party; I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy head-strong humour before these strange gentlemen. I have often told thee it would prove thy ruin some time or other. Let it never be said that the famous John Bull has departed in despite of court.

J. Bull: And will it not reflect as much on thy character, Nic., to turn barrator in thy old days; a stirrer-up of quarrels amongst thy neighbours? I tell thee, Nic., some time or other thou wilt repent this.

But John saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling and that he should have as little success in settling his accounts as ending the composition.

[1] ["The lowest and at the same time the most expeditious Court of Justice in England is the Court of Piepoudre, *curia pedis pulverizati*" (Blackstone). This court had jurisdiction over any pedlar or other vagrant, called *piepoudrous* (*pede pulverosus*) or dusty-foot.]

"Since they will needs over-load my shoulders," quoth John, "I shall throw down the burden with a squash amongst them, take it up who dares; a man has a fine time of it amongst a combination of sharpers that vouch for one another's honesty. John, look to thyself; old Lewis makes reasonable offers; when thou hast spent the small pittance that is left thou wilt make a glorious figure, when thou art brought to live upon Nic. Frog and Esquire South's generosity and gratitude. If they use thee thus when they want thee, what will they do when thou wantest them? I say again, John look to thyself."

John wisely stifled his resentments, and told the company that in a little time he should give them law, or something better.

All.: Law! Law, Sir! by all means! What is twenty-two poor years towards the finishing a law-suit? For the love of God, more law, sir! *

J. Bull: Prepare your demands how many years more of law you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly. In the meanwhile, farewell.

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* Clamours for continuing the war.

CHAPTER XVII.

How John Bull found all his family in an uproar at home.†

Nic. Frog, who thought of nothing but carrying John to the market and there disposing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that John thought himself now of age to look after his own affairs. He resolved to traverse this new project and to make him uneasy in his own family. He had corrupted or deluded most of his servants into the most extravagant conceits in the world; that their master was run mad and wore a dagger in one pocket and poison in the other; that he had sold his wife and children to Lewis, disinherited his heir, and was going to settle his estate upon a parish boy;[1] that if they did not look after their master he would do some very mischievous thing. When John came home he found a more surprising scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

† Clamours about the danger of the succession.

[The persons referred to in this chapter are various Whig office-holders to whom Harley made unsuccessful overtures.]

[1] [The Chevalier St. George.]

He called his cook-maid Betty to bespeak his dinner. Betty told him that she begged his pardon, she could not dress dinner till she knew what he intended to do with his will.

"Why, Betty," quoth John, "thou art not run mad, art thou? My will at present is to have dinner."

"That may be," quoth Betty, "but my conscience won't allow me to dress it till I know whether you intend to do righteous things by your heir."

"I am sorry for that, Betty," quoth John; "I must find somebody else then."

Then he called John the barber.

"Before I begin," quoth John, "I hope your honour won't be offended if I ask you whether you intend to alter your will? If you won't give me a positive answer, your beard may grow down to your middle, for me."

"I' gad and so it shall," quoth Bull, "for I will never trust my throat in such a mad fellow's hands. Where's Dick the butler?"

"Look ye," quoth Dick, "I am very willing to serve you in my calling, d'ye see; but there are strange reports, and plain dealing is best, d'ye see. I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your nephew and if Nic. Frog is still your executor, d'ye see; if you will not satisfy me as to these points, you may drink with the ducks."

"And so I will," quoth John, "rather than keep a butler that loves my heir better than myself."

Hob the shoemaker and Pricket the tailor told him they would most willingly serve him in their several stations, if he would promise them never to talk with Lewis Baboon and let Nicholas Frog, linen-draper, manage his concerns; that they could neither make shoes nor clothes to any that were not in good correspondence with their worthy friend Nicholas.

J. Bull: Call Andrew my journeyman. How goes affairs, Andrew? I hope the devil has not taken possession of thy body too.

Andrew: No, sir, I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull: Just as other dead folks do, Andrew. [Aside] This is amazing.

Andrew: I mean if your nephew shall inherit the estate?

J. Bull: That depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew: But will you make it sure?

J. Bull: Thou mean'st that I should put him in possession, for I can make it no surer without that; he has all the law can give him.

Andrew: Indeed possession, as you say, would make it much surer; they say it is eleven points of the law.

John began now to think that they were

all enchanted; he enquired about the age of the moon, if Nic. had not given them some intoxicating potion, or if old Mother Jenisa was still alive?

"No, o'my faith," quoth Harry, "I believe there is no potion in the case, but a little *aurum potabile*. You will have more of this by and by."

He had scarce spoke the word when another friend[1] of John's accosted him after the following manner:

"Since those worthy persons, who are as much concerned for your safety as I am, have employed me as their orator, I desire to know whether you will have it by way of syllogism, enthymem, dilemma, or sorites."

John now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

J. Bull: Let's have a sorites by all means, though they are all new to me.

Friend: It is evident to all that are versed in history that there were two sisters that played the whore two thousand years ago. Therefore it plainly follows that it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse with Lewis Baboon. If it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse (correspondence, if you will, that is much the same thing) then *à fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the said John to

[1] [In the 1712 version "Don Diego" is specified.]

make over his wife and children to the said Lewis. If his wife and children are not to be made over he is not to wear a dagger and ratsbane in his pockets. If he wears a dagger and ratsbane it must be to do mischief to himself or somebody else. If he intends to do mischief he ought to be under guardians, and there is none so fit as myself and some other worthy persons, who have a commission for that purpose from Nic. Frog, the executor of his will and testament.

J. Bull: And this is your sorites, you say!

With that he snatched a good tough oaken cudgel and began to brandish it; then happy was the man that was first at the door; crowding to get out, they tumbled down stairs; and it is credibly reported some of them dropped valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the family.

"That any of these rogues," quoth John, "should imagine I am not as much concerned as they about having my affairs in a settled condition, or that I would wrong my heir for I know not what! Well, Nic., I really cannot but applaud thy diligence; I must own this is really a pretty sort of a trick, but it shan't do thy business for all that."

CHAPTER XVIII.

*How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull, and what passed between them.**

I think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader that this chapter was not wrote by Sir Humphry himself, but by another very able pen of the University of Grub Street.

John had (by some good instructions given him by Sir Roger) got the better of his choleric temper, and wrought himself up to a great steadiness of mind to pursue his own interest through all impediments that were thrown in the way. He began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets; he put on a serious air, knit his brows, and for the time had made a very considerable progress in politics, considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his nature when he happened to meet with a football or a match at cricket; for which Sir Roger was sure to take him to task. John was walking about his room with folded arms, and a most thoughtful countenance; his servant brought him word that one Lewis Baboon below

* Private negotiations about Dunkirk.

wanted to speak with him. John had got an impression that Lewis was so deadly a cunning man that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him. At last he took heart of grace.

"Let him come up," quoth he; "it is but sticking to my point, and he can never overreach me."

Lewis Baboon: Monsieur Bull, I will frankly acknowledge that my behaviour to my neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me that I have met with usage accordingly. I was fond of backsword and cudgel-play from my youth, and I now bear in my body many a black and blue gash and scar, God knows. I had as good a warehouse and as fair possession as any of my neighbours, though I say it; but a contentious temper, flattering servants, and unfortunate stars, have brought me into circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my misfortunes are heightened by domestic calamities that I need not relate. I am a poor old battered fellow and I would willingly end my days in peace. But alas! I see but small hopes of that, for every new circumstance affords an argument to my enemies to pursue their revenge. Formerly I was to be banged because I was too strong, and now because I am too weak to resist; I am to be brought down when too rich and

oppressed when too poor. Nic. Frog has used me like a scoundrel. You are a gentleman, and I freely put myself in your hands to dispose of me as you think fit.

J. Bull: Look you, Master Baboon, as to your usage of your neighbours you had best not dwell too much upon that chapter; let it suffice at present that you have been met with. You have been rolling a great stone up-hill all your life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it is like to crush you to pieces. Plain dealing is best. If you have any particular mark, Mr. Baboon, whereby one may know when you fib and when you speak truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me than that I should trust you.

L. Baboon: I know of no particular mark of veracity amongst us tradesmen but Interest; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this time. You may safely trust me, I can assure you.

J. Bull: The trust I give is in short this, I must have something in hand before I make the bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

L. Baboon: To show you I deal fairly, name your something.

J. Bull: I need not tell thee, old boy; thou can'st guess.

L. Baboon: Ecclesdown Castle,* I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull: I shall have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon: To thy n'own self.

J. Bull: Every wall, gate, room, and inch of Ecclesdown Castle, you say?

L. Baboon: Just so.

J. Bull: Every single stone of Ecclesdown Castle, to m'own self, speedily?

L. Baboon: When you please, what needs more words?

J. Bull: But tell me, old boy, hast thou laid aside all thy equivocals and mentals in this case?

L. Baboon: There is nothing like matter of fact; seeing is believing.

J. Bull: Now thou talk'st to the purpose; let us shake hands, old boy. Let me ask thee one question more: What hast thou to do to meddle with the affairs of my family? To dispose of my estate, old boy?[1]

L. Baboon: Just as much as you have to do with the affairs of Lord Strutt.

J. Bull: Ah, but my trade, my very being, was concerned in that.

L. Baboon: And my interest was concerned in the other. But let us drop both our pretences; for I believe it is a moot point

* Dunkirk.

[1] [A reference to Louis' recognition of James III.]

whether I am more likely to make a Master Bull or you a Lord Strutt.

J. Bull: Agreed, old boy; but then I must have security that I shall carry my broad cloth to market, old boy.

L. Baboon: That you shall. Ecclesdown Castle! Ecclesdown! Remember that. Why would'st thou not take it when it was offered thee some years ago?

J. Bull: I would not take it because they told me thou would'st not give it me.

L. Baboon: How could Monsieur Bull be so grossly abused by downright nonsense? They that advised you to refuse must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the experiment? But I can tell you more of that matter than perhaps you know at present.

J. Bull: But what say'st thou as to the Esquire, Nic. Frog, and the rest of the tradesmen? I must take care of them.

L. Baboon: Thou hast but small obligations to Nic. to my certain knowledge. He has not used me like a gentleman.

J. Bull: Nic. indeed is not very nice in your punctilio's of ceremony; he is clownish, as a man may say; belching and calling of names have been allowed him time out of mind by prescription. But, however, we are engaged in one common cause, and I must look after him.

L. Baboon: All matters that relate to him and the rest of the plaintiffs in this law-suit I will refer to your justice.

CHAPTER XIX.

Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his conduct, with relation to John Bull and the law-suit.

Nic. perceived now that his cully had eloped, that John intended henceforth to deal without a broker; but he was resolved to leave no stone unturned to recover his bubble. Amongst other artifices he wrote a most obliging letter, which he sent him printed in a fair character.

* "Dear Friend,

When I consider the late ill usage I have met with from you, I was reflecting what it was that could provoke you to it; but upon a narrow inspection into my conduct I can find nothing to reproach myself with but too partial a concern for your interest. You no sooner set this composition afoot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your very wishes; and the affair might have been ended before now

* Substance of the State's letter.

had it not been for the greater concerns of Esq. South and the other poor creatures embarked in the same common cause, whose safety touches me to the quick. You seemed a little jealous that I had dealt unfairly with you in money matters, till it appeared by your own accounts that there was something due to me upon the balance. Having nothing to answer to so plain a demonstration, you began to complain as if I had been familiar with your reputation; when it is well known not only I but the meanest servants in my family talk of you with the utmost respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your servants and tenants to be dutiful; not that I any ways meddle in your domestic affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do. If some of your servants express their great concern for you in a manner that is not so very polite, you ought to impute it to their extraordinary zeal, which deserves a reward rather than a reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of success at the Salutation, since I am not master of the passions and interests of other folks. I have beggared myself with this law-suit, undertaken merely in complaisance to you; and if you would have had but a little patience I had still greater things in reserve that I intended to have done for you. I hope what I have said will prevail with you to lay aside your unreasonable

jealousies and that we may have no more meetings at the Salutation, spending our time and money to no purpose. My concern for your welfare and prosperity almost makes me mad. You may be assured I will continue to be

Your affectionate friend and servant,

Nic. Frog."

John received this with a good deal of *sang froid*. "*Transeat*," quoth John, "*cum cæteris erroribus*." He was now at his ease; he saw he could now make a very good bargain for himself and a very safe one for other folks.

"My shirt," quoth he, "is near me, but my skin is nearer. Whilst I take care of the welfare of other folks, nobody can blame me to apply a little balsam to my own sores. It's a pretty thing after all for a man to do his own business; a man has such a tender concern for himself there's nothing like it. This is somewhat better, I trow, than for John Bull to be standing in the market like a great dray-horse, with Frog's paws upon his head, 'What will ye give me for this beast?' Serviteur Nic. Frog, you may kiss my backside if you please. Though John Bull has not read your Aristotles, Platos and Machiavels, he can see as far into a millstone as another."

With that John began to chuckle and laugh till he was like to burst his sides.

CHAPTER XX.

The discourse that passed between Nic. Frog and Esquire South, which John Bull overheard.*

John thought every minute a year till he got into Ecclesdown Castle; he repairs to the Salutation with a design to break the matter gently to his partners. Before he entered he overheard Nic. and the Esquire in a very pleasant conference.

Esq. South: Oh the ingratitude and injustice of mankind! That John Bull, whom I have honoured with my friendship and protection so long, should flinch at last and pretend that he can disburse no more money for me! That the family of the Souths, by his sneaking temper, should be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog: An't like your worship, I am in amaze at it; I think the rogue should be compelled to do his duty.

Esq. South: That he should prefer his scandalous pelf, the dust and dregs of the earth, to the prosperity and grandeur of my family!

Nic. Frog: Nay, he is mistaken there too;

* Negotiations between the E[mpero]r and the D[utc]h for continuing war, and getting the property of Fl[ande]rs.

for he would quickly lick himself whole again by his vails. It's strange he should prefer Philip Baboon's custom to Esq. South's.

Esq. South: As you say, that my clothier, that is to get so much by the purchase, should refuse to put me in possession! Did you ever know any man's tradesman serve him so before?

Nic. Frog: No, indeed, an't please your worship, it is a very unusual proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your honour had not a great stock of moderation and patience you would not bear it so well as you do.

Esq. South: It is most intolerable, that's certain, Nic., and I will be revenged.

Nic. Frog: Methinks it is strange that Philip Baboon's tenants do not all take your honour's part, considering how good and gentle a master you are.

Esq. South: True, Nic., but few are sensible of merit in this world. It is a great comfort to have so faithful a friend as thyself in so critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog: If all the world should forsake you, be assured Nic. Frog never will; let us stick to our point and we'll manage Bull, I'll warrant ye.

Esq. South: Let me kiss thee, dear Nic. I have found one honest man amongst a thousand at last.

Nic. Frog: If it were possible your honour has it in your power to wed me still closer to your interest.

Esq. South: Tell me quickly, dear Nic.

Nic. Frog: You know I am your tenant; the difference between my lease and an inheritance is such a trifle as I am sure you will not grudge your poor friend; that will be an encouragement to go on; besides, it will make Bull as mad as the devil. You and I shall be able to manage him then to some purpose.

Esq. South: Say no more, it shall be done, Nic., to thy heart's content.

John, all this while, was listening to this comical dialogue, and laughed heartily in his sleeve at the pride and simplicity of the Esquire and the sly roguery of his friend Nic. Then of a sudden bolting into the room he began to tell them that he believed he had brought Lewis to reasonable terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawled out aloud, "No composition; long live Esquire South and the law!" As John was going to proceed some roared, some stamped with their feet, others stopped their ears with their fingers.

"Nay, gentlemen," quoth John, "if you will but stop proceeding for a while you shall judge yourselves whether Lewis's proposals* are reasonable."

* Proposals for a cessation of arms and delivery of Dunkirk.

All: Very fine indeed, stop proceeding and so lose a term.

J. Bull: Not so neither, we have something by way of advance; he will put us in possession of his manor and castle of Ecclesdown.

Nic. Frog: What do'st talk of *us?* Thou mean'st *thyself.*

J. Bull: When Frog took possession of anything it was always said to be for *us*, and why may not John Bull be *us* as well as Nic. Frog was *us?* I hope John Bull is no more confined to singularity than Nic. Frog; or take it so, the constant doctrine that thou hast preached up for many years was that thou and I are one; and why must we be supposed two in this case that were always one before? It's impossible that thou and I can fall out, Nic., we must trust one another: I have trusted thee with a great many things, prithee trust me with this one trifle.

Nic. Frog: That principle is true in the main; but there is some speciality in this case that makes it highly inconvenient for us both.

J. Bull: Those are your jealousies, that the common enemies sow between us; how often hast thou warned me of those rogues, Nic., that would make us mistrustful of one another?

Nic. Frog: This Ecclesdown Castle is only a bone of contention.

J. Bull: It depends upon you to make it so; for my part I am as peaceable as a lamb.

Nic. Frog: But do you consider the unwholesomeness of the air and soil, the expenses of reparations and servants? I would scorn to accept of such a quagmire.

J. Bull: You are a great man, Nic., but in my circumstances I must be e'en content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog: And you are really so silly as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you?

J. Bull: I believe nothing but matter of fact. I stand and fall by that; I am resolved to put him to it.

Nic. Frog: And so relinquish the hopefullest cause in the world, a claim that will certainly in the end make thy fortune for ever.

J. Bull: Wilt thou purchase it, Nic? Thou shalt have a lumping pennyworth; nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my hands.

Nic. Frog: If thou would'st but moderate that hasty impatient temper of thine, thou should'st quickly see a better thing than all that. What should'st thou think to find old Lewis turned out of his paternal estates and mansion house of Clay Pool?* Would not that do thy heart good to see thy old friend Nic. Frog Lord of Clay Pool? Then thou

* Clay Pool, P[ar]is. Lutetia.

and thy wife and children should walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade, and now and then we should have a country dance.

J. Bull: I love to be plain, I'd as lief see myself in Ecclesdown Castle as thee in Clay Pool. I tell you again, Lewis gives this as a pledge of his sincerity; if you won't stop proceeding to hear him, I will.

CHAPTER XXI.

*The rest of Nic's fetches to keep John out of Ecclesdown Castle.**

When Nic. could not dissuade John by argument he tried to move his pity; he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his wife and children in a starving condition if John did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the room, far less capable to look after such a troublesome business as this law-suit, and therefore begged that his good friend would not leave him. When he saw that John was still inexorable he pulled out a case-knife with which he used to snicker-snee, and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the

* Attempts to hinder the cessation [of hostilities], and taking possession of Dunkirk.

knife to his windpipe with a most determined threatening air.

"What signifies life," quoth he, "in this languishing condition? It will be some pleasure that my friends will revenge my death upon this barbarous man that has been the cause of it."

All this while John looked sedate and calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the knife nor stop his blow, trusting to the tenderness Nic. had for his own person.

When he perceived that John was immoveable in his purpose, he applied himself to Lewis.

"Art thou," quoth he, "turned bubble in thy old age, from being a sharper in thy youth? What occasion hast thou to give up Ecclesdown Castle to John Bull? His friendship is not worth a rush; give it me and I'll make it worth thy while. If thou dislikest that proposition, keep it thyself, I'd rather thou shouldest have it than he. If thy hearken'st not to my advice, take what follows; Esquire South and I will go on with our law-suit in spite of John Bull's teeth."

L. Baboon: Monsieur Bull has used me like a gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my promise and trust him for the consequences.

Nic. Frog: Then I tell thee thou art an old doating fool.

With that Nic. bounced up with a spring equal to that of one of your nimblest tumblers or rope-dancers, and fell foul upon John Bull, to snatch the cudgel* he had in his hand that he might thwack Lewis with it. John held it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from him. At last Esquire South buckled to, to assist his friend Nic.: John hauled on one side, and they two on the other. Sometimes they were like to pull John over; then it went all of a sudden again on John's side; so they went see-sawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glasses, and tobacco pipes. The wine and the tobacco were all spilt about the room and the little fellows were almost trod under foot, till, more of the tradesmen joining with Nic. and the Esquire, John was hardly able to pull against them all, yet would he never quit hold of his trusty cudgel; which by the contrary force of two so great powers broke† short in his hands. Nic. seized the longer end and with it began to bastinado old Lewis, who had slunk into a corner waiting the event of this squabble. Nic. came up to him with an insolent menacing air, so that the old fellow was forced to scuttle out of the room and

* The Army.

† The separation of the Army [which, now under the Duke of Ormond, left Eugene to face Marshal Villars alone, and marched to Dunkirk (1712)].

retire behind a dung-cart. He called to Nic. "Thou insolent jackanapes! Time was when thou durst not have used me so, thou now takest me unprovided, but old and infirm as I am I shall find a weapon by and by to chastise thy impudence."

When John Bull had recovered his breath he began to parley with Nic. "Friend Nic., I am glad to find thee so strong after thy great complaints; really thy motions, Nic., are pretty vigorous for a consumptive man. As for thy worldly affairs, Nic., if it can do thee any service I freely make over to thee this profitable law-suit; and I desire all these gentlemen to bear witness to this my act and deed. Yours be all the gain as mine has been the charges, I have brought it to bear finely. However, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, thou shalt have it with all its appurtenances, I ask nothing but leave to go home."

Nic. Frog: The counsel are fee'd and all things prepared for a trial; thou shalt be forced to stand the issue. It shall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine. Go home if thou can'st, the gates are shut,* the turnpikes locked, and the roads barricaded.

J. Bull: Even these very ways, Nic., that thou toldest me were as open to me as thyself? If I can't pass with my own equipage what

* Difficulty of the march of part of the Army to Dunkirk.

can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denied passage through those very grounds that I have purchased with my own money; however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

John Bull was so over-joyed that he was going to take possession of Ecclesdown that nothing could vex him.

"Nic.," quoth he, "I am just a-going to leave thee, cast a kind look upon me at parting."

Nic. looked sour and grum and would not open his mouth.

J. Bull: I wish thee all the success that thy heart can desire, and that these honest gentlemen of the long robe may have their belly-full of law.

Nic. could stand it no longer, but flung out of the room with disdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull: B'uy, b'uy, Nic. Not one poor smile at parting; won't you shake your day-day, Nic.? B'uy, Nic.

With that John marched out of the common road cross the country, to take possession of Ecclesdown.

CHAPTER XXII.

Of the great joy that John expressed when he got possession of Ecclesdown.

When John had got into his castle he seemed like Ulysses upon his plank after he had been well soused in salt-water, who (as Homer says) was as glad as a judge going to sit down to dinner after hearing a long cause upon the Bench. I dare say John Bull's joy was equal to that of either of the two; he skipped from room to room, ran up stairs and down stairs from the kitchen to the garrets and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peeped into every cranny; sometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture and the vast solidarity of the masons' work; at other times he commended the symmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens; he bathed himself in the canal, swimming, diving, and beating the liquid element like a milk-white swan. The hall resounded with the sprightly violin and the martial hautboy. The family tripped it about and capered like hail-stones bounding from a marble floor. Wine, ale and October flew about as plentifully as kennel-water. Then a frolic took John in the head

to call up some of Nic. Frog's pensioners that had been so mutinous in his family.

J. Bull: Are you glad to see your master in Ecclesdown Castle?

All: Yes indeed, sir.

J. Bull: Extremely glad?

All: Extremely glad, sir.

J. Bull: Swear to me that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their souls to the lowest pit of hell if any person in the world rejoiced more than they did.

J. Bull: Now hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured rascals; however, take this bumper of October to your master's health.

Then John got upon the battlements, and looking over he called to Nic. Frog.

"How d'ye do Nic.? D'ye see where I am, Nic.? I hope the cause goes on swimmingly, Nic. When dost thou intend to go to Clay Pool, Nic.? Wilt thou buy there some high heads of the newest cut for my daughters? How comest thou to go with thy arm tied up? Has old Lewis given thee a rap over the finger-ends?[1] Thy weapon was a good one when I wielded it, but the butt-end remains in my hands. I am so busy in packing up my goods that I have no time to talk with thee any longer. It would do thy heart good to see what waggon loads I am

[1] The battle of Denain.

preparing for market. If thou wantest any good office of mine, for all that has happened, I will use thee well, Nic. B'uy Nic."

POSTSCRIPT.

It has been disputed amongst the *Literati* of Grub Street whether Sir Humphry proceeded any farther in the history of John Bull. By diligent inquiry we have found the titles of some chapters which appear to be a continuation of it, and are as follow:

Chap. I.—How John was made angry with the articles of agreement. How he kicked the parchment through the house, up stairs and down stairs, and put himself in a great heat thereby.

Chap. II.—How in his passion he was going to cut off Sir Roger's head with a cleaver. Of the strange manner of Sir Roger's escaping the blow by laying his head upon the dresser.

Chap. III.—How some of John's servants attempted to scale his house with rope-ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.

Chap. IV.—Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preserve the peace amongst

his neighbours. How he kept a pair of stillyards to weigh them; and by diet, purging, vomiting, and bleeding, tried to bring them to equal bulk and strength.

Chap. V.—Of false accounts of the weights given in by some of the journeymen; and of the Newmarket tricks that were practised at the stillyards.

Chap. VI.—How John's new journeymen brought him other guess accounts of the stillyards.

Chap. VII.—How Sir Swain Northy* was by bleeding, purging, and a steel-diet brought into a consumption; and how John was forced afterwards to give him the gold cordial.

Chap. VIII.—How Peter Bear† was overfed, and afterwards refused to submit to the course of physic.

Chap. IX.—How John pampered Esquire South with tit-bits till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with Calabrian wine, and longed for Sicilian beef, and how John carried him thither in his barge.

Chap. X.—How the Esq. from a foul-feeder grew dainty. How he longed for mangoes, spices, and Indian birds' nests, etc., and could not sleep but in a chintz bed.

* K[ing] of Sw[ed]en.
† Cz[ar] of M[oscov]y.

Chap. XI.—The Esq. turned tradesman; how he set up a China shop* over against Nic. Frog.

Chap. XII.—How he procured Spanish flies to blister his neighbours and as a provocative to himself. As likewise how he ravished Nic. Frog's favourite daughter.[1]

Chap. XIII.—How Nic. Frog hearing the girl squeak went to call John Bull as a constable: calling a constable no preventive of a rape.

Chap. XIV.—How John rose out of his bed in a cold morning to prevent a duel between Esq. South and Lord Strutt; how, to his great surprise, he found the combatants drinking geneva in a brandy shop, with Nic's favourite daughter between them. How they both fell upon John, so that he was forced to fight his way out.

Chap. XV.—How John came with his constable's staff to rescue Nic's daughter and break the Esquire's China ware.

Chap. XVI.—Commentary upon the Spanish proverb, 'Time and I against any two,' or advice to dogmatical politicians, exemplified in some new affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.

Chap. XVII.—A discourse of the delightful game of quadrille. How Lewis Baboon

* The O[ste]nd Company.

[1] [The East India Trade.]

attempted to play a game solo in clubs, and was bested. How John called Lewis for his King, and was afraid that his own partner should have too many tricks. And how the success and skill of quadrille depends upon calling a right King.

FINIS.

EPITAPH ON DON FRANCISCO.

[The subject of this epitaph, which was printed in THE LONDON MAGAZINE for April, 1732, was Francis Chartres, once a Colonel in the Horse Guards, a man convicted of cheating and rape, who yet by various malpractices amassed a fortune. Warton asserted that he is the central figure in plate I. of Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*.]

An Epitaph.

Here lieth the Body of Colonel
DON FRANCISCO;
Who, with an inflexible Constancy,
And inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Persisted, in Spite of Age and Infirmity,
In the Practice of every *human Vice*,
Excepting *Prodigality* and *Hypocrisy;*
His insatiable *Avarice*
Exempting him from the first,
And his matchless *Impudence*
From the latter.
Nor was he more singular
In that undeviating Viciousness of Life,
Than successful in accumulating Wealth;
Having,
Without Trust of public Money, Bribe,
Worth, Service, Trade, or Profession,
Acquired, or rather created
A *Ministerial Estate.*
Among the Singularities of his Life and Fortune
Be it likewise commemorated,
That he was the only Person in his Time
Who could cheat without the Mask of Honesty;
Who could retain his primæval Meanness
After being possessed of 10,000 Pounds a Year;
And who, having done, every Day of his Life,
Something worthy of a Gibbet,
Was once condemned to one
For what he had not done.

Think not, indignant Reader,
His Life useless to Mankind.
PROVIDENCE
Favoured, or rather connived at
His execrable Designs,
That he might remain,
To this, and future Ages,
A conspicuous Proof and Example
Of how small Estimation
Exorbitant Wealth is held in the Sight
Of the ALMIGHTY,
By his bestowing it on
The most unworthy
Of all the Descendants
of *Adam*.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE nicest Constitutions of Government are often like the finest pieces of clockwork; which, depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

WHAT *Tully* says of war may be applied to disputing, it should be always so managed as to remember that the end of it is *peace;* but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

WHEN men grow virtuous in their old age they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

WHEREVER I find a great deal of Gratitude in a poor Man, I take it for granted there would be as much Generosity if he were a rich man.

WHEN two People compliment each other with the choice of anything, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

IT is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

To buy books as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by some eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

A MAN who admires a fine woman has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband than one who admired the *Hesperian* fruit would have to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

IT is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit. For how should we love ten thousand men, who never loved one?—*T.K.*

WE may see the small value God has for riches by the people he gives them to.—*D.A.*

I NEVER knew a man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

POSITIVENESS is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude will convince others the more as he appears convinced himself.

THE greatest inventions were produced in the time of ignorance; as the use of the *compass*, *gunpowder*, and *printing;* and by the dullest nation, as the *Germans*.

THE stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

THE common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is empty than when a crowd is at the door.

LAW, in a free country, is or ought to be the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

VENUS, a beautiful good-natured lady, was the Goddess of Love; *Juno*, a terrible shrew, the Goddess of Marriage; and they were always mortal enemies.

A VERY little wit is valued by a woman, as we are pleas'd with a few words spoken by a parrot.

OLD men and comets have been reverenc'd for the same reason; their long beards and pretences to foretell events.

A PERSON was asked at court what he thought of an Ambassador and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes and gestures. He said it was *Solomon's* Importation, *Gold* and *Apes*.

THE END.

PHILIP ALLAN

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A miscellany of the wits

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